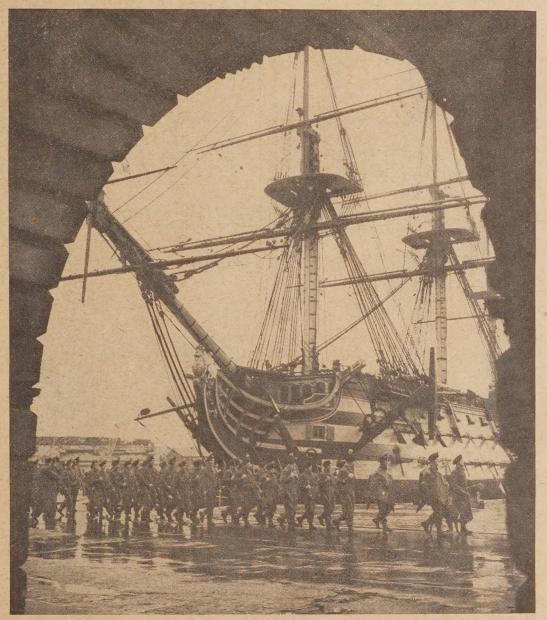
The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



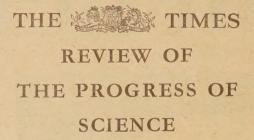
Men of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers marching past H.M.S. Victory at Portsmouth before they embarked this week for the Middle East (see also page 792)

In this number:

Can Western Europe be Defended? (Donald McLachlan)

American Opinion on Mr. Churchill's Victory (Clifton Utley)

The Future of London's South Bank (J. M. Richards)



*

Contents of the next issue:

The Mathematics of Time By Dr. J. G. Whitrow

Research in Fruit Growing By Dr. H. B. S. Montgomery

The Functioning of the Nervous System

By Sir Henry Dale, O.M., F.R.

The Strength of Metals

By Professor E. N. da C. Andrade, f.r.s.

The Evaluation of Coal
By Sir Charles Ellis, f.r.s.

New Unstable Forms of Matter

by Professor C. F. Powell, f.r.s.

Rainmaking
By Mr. B. J. MASON

*

To be published on November 13 Order your copy now

16 PAGES PRICE SIXPENCE ILLUSTRATED

To be obtained from all newsagents and bookstalls

Annual postal subscription rate 2s, 6d.

Orders should be sent to the

Subscription Manager, The Times, London, EC4



PLEASE HELP TO MAINTAIN THIS SERVICE

★The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.B., G.B.B., K.C.B., C.M.G.— Hon. Treasurer. With wife and family perhaps hundreds or thousands of miles away, these Homes from Home offer every comfort and facilities for recreation and entertainment. Another of the many ways we serve the Sailor.

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY
HEAD OFFICE: 680, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.14

SECUMENT
BSS7



INTEREST RATE INCREASED

TO $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ NET.

The Society pays the Income Tax.

Investment limited to £5,000 per individual. Any amount from £1 upwards received, with interest credited from day of investment to day of withdrawal. No depreciation.

EST. 1848

ASSETS £6,250,000. RESERVES £340,000

Prospectus, latest Balance Sheet and full particulars from

PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY
Planet House, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.

The Listener

Vol. XLVI. No 1184

Thursday November 8 1951

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS THE REITH LECTURES: The Casino at Monte Carlo (D. J. Enright) Power and the State—I (Lord Radcliffe) The Hindered Hind (I. R. Orton) ... 782 Questions in a Wood (Robert Graves) 787 Yugoslavia: A Time of Flux (Honor Tracy) NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK 792 Television and Education in America (John Coatman) ... LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: From: Robert Silvey, J. D. Weston, Stephen Black, J. H. Present Trends in Soviet Industry (Margaret Miller) Lavender, W. Baring Pemberton, C. H. Stuart, Maurice Burke, A Settlement with Russia?-V. The Need for Western Solidarity James Stern, Alfred H. Burne 785 (Lord Layton) Fugitives from Behind the Iron Curtain (G. E. R. Gedye) The Future of London's South Bank (J. M. Richards) ... 798 Plato à la Mode What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) Picasso and the Picassini (Quentin Bell) ... 802 DID YOU HEAR THAT? 779 779 Hotel Coupons for Italy (Christopher Serpell) CRITIC ON THE HEARTH: Television (Reginald Pound) Bull Fighting in the Camargue (McDonald Prain) 810 Opal Miners of Lightning Ridge (Frank Leechman) 779 Broadcast Drama (J. C. Trewin) ... The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) 811 780 Touching Down in the Alps (Claire Engel) 811 A 'Weather Man' Speaks (Gavin White) ... Broadcast Music (Dyneley Hussey) ... 781 Flaubert and the Grotesque (Philip Spencer) 'Cupid and Death' (Edward J. Dent) The Listener's Book Chronicle 805 RECIPE FOR THE HOUSEWIFE: New Novels (Simon Raven) ... 809 Cornish Pasty (Philip Harben) 815 CROSSWORD NO. 1,123 The Process of Evolution—IV (Julian Huxley) ...

The Reith Lectures

Power and the State-I

By LORD RADCLIFFE

F I speak of the problem of power, at least I do not mean that it is a problem whether power should exist or not. It is most inescapably present in modern society and its crowded civilisations. Such societies cannot be conducted at all without central authority to keep the whole activity from breaking down. And, just as today's social life requires the existence of power, so today's developments have furnished the means of that power becoming a strong force; even changes such as the greater ease and quickness of communication have worked to give it a sharp eye and a firm hand. Moreover, society has become used to the standing armies of power—the permanent civil service, the police force, the tax-gatherers-organised on a scale which was unknown to earlier centuries. So the philosophy of the backwoods is useless, because it is too simple, for the present age: the philosophy that goes to bed with the thought that the less authority men have over each other the better for all concerned, for then each man's native virtue will see him through.

The problem that I am thinking of is of a different order. It is the question: What really prevents men who have authority from abusing their authority? The other side of that problem is another question: What is it, if it is not force, that leads men to give obedience to authority? The people of these islands, who have shown in their history the most singular instances of great responsibilities worthily discharged, who have proved, one might say, most apt for power, have a wry native tradition that all men abuse power and are the worse for having it. 'All power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely'. Etcetera. Like much folk lore this legend is enjoyed but not necessarily believed. I do not myself believe it, for I think that most men are the better, not the worse, for having some authority. At any rate, it is too easy a way of eluding the answer to my questions.

The problem of power is one that different societies may approach differently. But for this country it has to be seen against the background

of European civilisation, for that civilisation and its ideas are part of the very structure of our political thinking. This is not an essay, then, in remaking society out of our own heads, but it does involve trying to see what really lies behind phrases such as 'freedom', 'liberty', 'rule of law', which are, perhaps, so familiar, so automatic that they have become more incantations than ideas. The ideas of democracy—to use another much-worn word—have suffered from democracy's own vast success, and as a result there has been a tendency to confuse its forms with its substance. Rousseau once said that States, like human bodies, begin to die from the moment of their birth and carry the causes of their own destruction within themselves. So it is with ideas. They die, unless they can get a new life by reinterpretation. That is what makes it worth while to take one more glance at the familiar features of democratic society.

After all, what kills ideas is disillusion. And this is an age haunted by disillusion and fear, though that is not necessarily to our discredit. The disillusion comes by inheritance and represents the accumulated disappointment of five centuries that the modern world which seemed to offer so much to the individual yet continues to withhold its best fruit from his grasp. Certainly it has brought him great benefits, but peace of spirit is not among them. If one assumes that our age began with the cult of the individual, critical, independent, and self-reliant, it looks as if it may end with the virtual destruction of all that makes for individuality. Indeed, it is not easy to feel sure that the virtues which one was taught to admire—the heroic qualities, the overmastering vision, gallantry, chivalry—are not survivals from a different order of things for which society is coming to have no use. There would be much to fear in that alone. But there is other reason than that for fear. This is a generation that has seen the powers of evil menacingly at large. It is left without excuse for any failure to realise the existence of those powers or the magnitude of the challenge that every civilisation always

has to face. The great forces that govern the world have made no covenant that particular ideas or particular forms of society shall always triumph or always endure, and one thing that a backward glance helps to recall is that men have lived their lives nobly, and wielded power nobly, too, under systems of ideas very different from those that rule in our society today.

Back to Plato

That is my main reason for looking backwards in these lectures: to take up here some great book, to take up there some significant episode, and to see what sort of light they throw upon present problems. I am not tracing any history of ideas, because the historical development itself is not my concern-nor do I spend time in trying to discuss the merits of different kinds of societies-monarchies, aristocracies, democracies, mixed constitutions, and what not. Such comparisons are rather sterile, on any view. The society that I think of is a democratic society such as we now have in this country, however far it may be convenient to travel away from it, in hope of seeing its ideas more clearly on return. I daresay that it is fated to pass, is even now passing, into other forms; if you will, into the new managerial society, to use a current phrase. If so, it will have a new type of governors, selected in some new way. Actually, however generous the democratic theory, there is always, I think, something like a governing class, endowed, or privileged, or coopted, for the great majority of men, demonstrably, do not want to take any active part in political life. But whatever may be the method by which men may come to authority over other men, the same problems will still remain for all but monsters: For what purpose? Under what limitations? With what sanctions? And, for better or for worse, the answers for this country must somehow be related to our own history and to the history of the civilisation of which it forms part. And so I

It is the inevitable transition. Political theory as known to us did not begin with Plato, but once he had written his book, *The Republic*, in the fourth century before Christ, the political thought of the western world could never afterwards be free from the influence of what he had said. That is one measure of his greatness. Another is that he is always up to date: because, while he was writing about what mattered immensely to him in the politics of fourth-century Greece, what he was trying to find an answer to were the fundamental questions: the purpose and destiny of the individual; and the purpose and justification of the State, that political instrument which is fashioned by individuals but

shows often so little of their own image.

The Republic, the book that was to outline the model State, is a sad book. Plato's philosophical system is responsible, though at some removes, for the word idealism, and those men who can let their minds dwell upon perfect forms without shutting their eyes to very imperfect reality are likely to be more great than gay-such was Plato. And he was writing in a period of disillusion. Within one man's lifetime Athens, his native State, had reached a height of glory-mistress of the sea, centre of a maritime and trading empire, liberal, wealthy, brilliant, and cultivated-and then descended to a fallen and distracted city. A long war with Sparta, her rival, had exhausted Athenian power and, not for the last time in history, what was liberal and humane was seen to go down before the forces of all that was most narrow and puritan in Greece. Failure abroad had led to failure of spirit at home and a democracy, so recently united, self-confident, and proud of its leaders, had turned to a rout of little men more anxious to blame others than to take responsibility upon themselves. Every liberal civilisation has to absorb an intake of self criticism: but there seem to be in history certain special periods of disillusion, when everyone has suddenly become too sharp for loyalty, whether to old beliefs or to new truths. Criticism at such times is used not to test but to destroy values, and it wipes out all distinction between things that matter and things that do not. Scepticism of this kind was an outrage to Plato; and he set himself to uproot the crop of doctrines that grow out of it. They are still fairly familiar and so, I suppose, have an immortality of their own. There is no such thing as justice in a State; it is merely a fiction that men, who are conscious of their individual weakness, think up to keep the wild men down. Or it is a word that the people in power use in order to give a moral cover to what is really their own material interest. Or again, as Nietzsche argued, the only thing that deserves to be called justice is the will of the strong man: all else is 'slave-morality

Plato would have no truck with any of this. To him human life had no meaning unless its purpose was first to understand and then to

pursue what was True and Good and Beautiful. I speak those words in capitals and then I leave them, leaving, too, the question unresolved how far they stand for anything that has a definite meaning. He at any rate thought they had meaning enough to describe the true purpose of human life, and for him the question: 'What do men organise themselves into society for?' could have only one answer: 'To give the members of society, all the members, the best chance of realising their best selves'. So, in one leap, there is made the big decision: the State is an organisation which exists for a moral purpose, to make its citizens better men, indeed to see that they are better men, and unless it deliberately tries to reach this end, it might as well not exist. Whatever else it does, such a conception of the State makes the duty of those who are to hold power in it an elevated one.

How to find people good enough for this task of holding power? To answer 'Get the best men' is the answer of every amateur in politics: but it leaves every practical problem connected with it still unsolved. Plato did not ignore the practical problems, which he profoundly understood, but his solution is the outcome of his very individual approach. He was a passionate specialist. He could not stand the idea of a Jack-of-all-trades, the man who can turn his hand to many things without mastery of any. Plato had what is threatening to become rare, a reverence for a craft; and he looked on statesmanship as the supreme craft to which, more than to any other, a man should be apprenticed by long training and to which his life must be dedicated. Inevitably therefore to him 'rulers' must be somehow a class apart, a trained professional body, whom it would be out of the question to choose or to remove by the rough-and-ready methods of popular election. And, perhaps no less inevitably, he thought it an obvious proposition that, making all allowance for education and training, only some men are capable of exercising power. He had seen in Athens the practical application in politics of the famous dogma 'All men are by nature created equal', and it had seemed to him-well, I think that it had seemed to him like being flippant about serious matters. For, again, he was, to a degree that we can hardly grasp, wholly an intellectualist. He did believe that human reason was the divine attribute of humanity, and that nothing that reason could not justify as valid could be right. Not for him the saving qualifications of more fuzzy minds—the 'Well, you know, after all', kind of conclusion. I do not mean by that that Plato thought life explicable by a dry logic: on the contrary, reason to him was the trained exercise of man's highest qualities in combination, and it included as much man's natural attraction to what he feels to be fine as his arguments to prove that it is fine. A man with such an attitude may be something of a Puritanwhich Plato certainly was-but I do not think that he is likely to be a prig-which Plato most certainly was not.

Rule by Caste

So in his model State, the republic, its members are to be divided into three classes: not according to social position, or difference of wealth, but according to the kind of person that each is supposed to be. There is the ruling class with absolute power, unfettered by law: they are to consist of persons capable of the highest range of reason and self control. Next to them, acting as a sort of Pretorian Guard, is the class of warriors, conspicuous in the qualities of courage and devotion, but a little below the best, we must assume, in the field of intellect. And below them come the rest, the great body of citizens, pursuing the ordinary callings of daily life and characterised by Plato, rather unfairly, as those whose lives are dominated by the third main element in the make-up of the human being: the desire for gain. These classes, once formed, are to be virtually static, a system of caste, from which there might be promotion or demotion only in a few exceptional cases. For Plato was one of the earliest believers in eugenics, and, since he also believed that women ought to be admitted to the highest class in common with men, he counted on maintaining its quality by a combination of selective breeding and rigorous education.

That was to be the constitution of the republic and it was to be nearly all the constitution that it was to have. It is a scheme which at first sight seems to challenge most accepted ideas of a healthy society, yet it is the scheme produced by the most elevated mind of the ancient world. The truth is that Plato cared so very much more about the result than any ordinary man will allow himself to do. He was ready to sacrifice so much to achieve the result. He had come to the conclusion—and I dare not call him old fashioned or out of date—that it was useless to hope for a perfect society in which everyone should be

(continued on page 797)

Yugoslavia: A Time of Flux

HONOR TRACY gives the second of two talks

RAVELLERS from Vienna to Belgrade do well to break their journey in Zagreb. Sudden and disconcerting as they feel the drop in culture and well-being, it is as nothing to the further decline in the Serbian capital. The vestiges of Austrian influence still hang about Croatia and Slovenia; Belgrade stands with one foot well into the orient. Here, in its finest bloom, is officialdom, downat-heel-dom, corruption, and apathy. Entering, you feel yourself for the first time in a communist city on the eastern plan. A dingy, wooden arch spans the road, surmounted by a great, red star in tatters that flaps idly in the wind. Sentries with rifles guard row upon row of squalid wooden huts.

A little farther on stands the New Belgrade, run up in the first fine frenzy of socialist reconstruction: the shells of great concrete buildings without roofs or windows, with the workers' white-painted slogans still on them, unfinished, abandoned, too hastily erected on soft and shifting ground, gently subsiding. It is a tragic sight: had Marshal Tito but read his Bible as he has read his Marx, he must have stayed his hand.

And if the traveller pushes on farther into the country, say to Skoplje, he will find lower levels, more dreary deserts yet. He will find, too, everywhere such a tangle of nationalities, religions, traditions, hatreds and loyalties that to speak of 'Yugoslavia', except geographically, becomes absurd. A conclusion he may reach in one area may have to be modified or contradicted by the experience of another. But certain features catch his eye wherever he may be. One of these is the gulf between the mass of the people and the privileged few; and the curious thing is that, materially speaking, the privileged few are divided in two groups, the Party men, as one would expect, and their bitter enemies, the dispossessed bourgeoisie. Time and again I was

amazed at the amount of money these victims of the regime apparently disposed of. There was a young woman, the wife of a professional man, who described to me at some length the trials they had both undergone. It was a harrowing story, perfectly in accordance with my own observations and with the usual pattern of class persecution: but I could not help noticing that she was very smartly dressed, and it presently came out that she had just spent a month's holiday at a fashionable resort, where she had stayed in the best hotel at the rate of something like £7 a day. And she was by no means the only member of that crushed and despairing class I met who had enjoyed a costly vacation, travelling by car or aeroplane, and staying in luxury hotels. Dubrovnik was crawling with them, and here, of course, among all the foreign tourists, they contributed usefully to the shop window.

A Yugoslav farmer who has come to

Belgrade to sell his goods on the open market again. (Right) Bricklayers at work building the New Belgrade

There were plenty of stories of another kind, of mothers working twelve hours a day to try to feed their children, or

of men taking both day and night jobs whose wages combined did not pay the weekly bills; but a large number of the former middle class were living by racket, fraud and speculation, as comfortably as commissars, and still astonishingly vocal in their complaints.

These were only a tiny fraction of the people and so, of course, were the nabobs of the regime. And there was another little class that was doing, for the moment, not too badly: these were the peasants who lived near enough to a town to bring in their produce and peddle it to the hungry citizens. But for the great, the overwhelming, majority privation was the common lot. One knew this, of course, but one was always in danger of forgetting it. The foreign visitor to Yugoslavia is a creature of privilege. Those who have ever taken part in the occupation of a defeated country will feel themselves entirely at home. The reason for this is the country's need of foreign money and the natural desire of a government, with much to hide, to present an attractive front to the outside world. And the people as a whole co-operate, partly from a natural kindness and hospitality and partly from the humble sense

which peasants often have, that all foreigners are, somehow, gentry. From the moment the stranger comes among them, he is lapped in such luxury as the country can offer. He sleeps in special beds and eats special food; if he arrives at a hotel which is full up, a Yugoslav is forthwith ejected to make room; he gravitates instinctively to the head of queues. In the case of difficulty or dispute he has only to trumpet the word 'foreign!' and people are all smiles, all concessions. It is all too easy to

be soothed and cajoled into a false idea.

There was an incident in Belgrade which, trivial in itself, may show what I mean. My visa had expired and I was sent by mistake to the Ministry of the Interior, like any mere native. The hot, smelly little room in the ministry was crowded with people of many kinds, peasants in national dress, soldiers, old women, students, all with the dull faces of those who have waited and expect to wait for a long time. Now and then a hatch at one end of the room opened and a young woman sharply called out a name. Her manner was a mixture of condescension and contempt, and the oftener she said 'no' the better she seemed pleased. As the victims, with long pauses between each one, were disposed of there was a little scuffle at the hatch as the others tried to catch her eye. It is against



my principles to claim special rights, and for once I held firm to them, for nearly an hour and a half. At the end of that time there was a moral collapse and I surged forward, clearing a path with my British passport. The case was simplicity itself: the facts were laid frankly before the clerk, and she retired behind her hatch to think them over. In half an hour she reappeared with that peculiar grin of refusal on her face and asked me to make an application in writing. The hatch closed. And suddenly they all started talking in loud, angry voices. One man had waited three whole days already, another said he did not know why he still kept coming, and a third remarked, 'Now you see how it is in the Serbian People's Republic'. And it was true that I had had a little glimpse of it accidentally. If I had done the right thing and gone in the first place to that engaging young person in the Foreign Press Department of the Information Office, I might have assumed that Yugoslavs needing passports or permits were also treated with civility and attention.

One must share their ennui and frustration, one must feel with them a blind and impotent rage at official insolence, one must eat their horrible food and enter their crowded, uncomfortable homes if one hopes to get the true picture. Often enough I had watched the milling crowds fighting to board a train, watched with admiration and terror their departure as they clung with one hand to the outside door-rails and balanced precariously on the couplings between the carriages, till there seemed more people outside the train than in; but it was not until I, myself, again by mistake—mistakes are rather a feature of Jugoslav life—took such a train instead of the Simplon Express, with hardly room to stand on one foot let alone two, hemmed in by a sweating, groaning but always good-humoured mob, squeezed slowly nearer and nearer—as I noted with rising panic—the open door of the carriage and certain death, and this for a trifling period of four and a half hours—a mere nothing—only then did I receive an intimation of their real predicament.

Jovial Mob, Armed Police

The load of suffering humanity in this train was on its way up to Bled, to see an international contest of parachute jumping. People were coming from far and wide in their thousands. And before the weekend was out, they were to give an amusing demonstration of how hard it is for the Yugoslav people also to keep pace with the changing times. For we are no longer in 1945: Bled is no proletarian resort where weary workers rest from Marxist construction. It is smart, fashionable, bien, the summer abode of diplomats, party bosses, and spivs. You change for dinner in Bled. The chief hotel with its thick carpets and quiet, quick servants, its comfortable rooms and excellent kitchen, is first class by any standard. Blithely unaware of this, singularly indifferent to the importance of knowing their place, the 'proles' began streaming in at six o'clock in the morning. Taken completely by surprise, the management had failed to ask for police protection, and soon the tasteful rooms, the elegant verandahs and terraces were occupied by a jovial but resolute mob, tearing their cold roast fowls apart with their hands, throwing the chewed bones on the ground, and howling for beer. The service failing under this pressure, they invaded the kitchens and helped themselves: chaos supervened; the diplomats, having repeatedly rung for breakfast in vain, sulkily retired to their apartments. I was content to go hungry for sheer joy at the little mistake.

But there were no mistakes outside in the streets. Armed police were well in control, out there, roping off pavements, sending crowds back the way they had come, shouting at citizens who crossed over the road at the wrong place. Presently, armed outriders on motor-cycles roared up; then a chain of those great Buicks and Cadillacs; and finally out of the biggest and shiniest of them stepped Friend Tito himself, to a background accompaniment of tepid applause from the crowd and American dance music from the loudspeakers. And as I watched him in his wide, American hat and Hollywood overcoat, which he took off to reveal a white linen suit with the correct American drape, I felt that here at least was someone who was adapting himself quite beautifully.

It is natural, however, that the great mass of the people should be in some perplexity. The abandoning of yesterday's dogma, the hurried tidying away of yesterday's friends, yesterday's loyalties, would cause a disruption in any country, let alone one composed largely of peasants, many of them illiterate. Sometimes, travelling in the remoter country districts, our car with its Union Jack would be greeted with imprecations, the idea that this was no longer correct having so far not percolated. The Party itself had many little practical problems. Unhappy state publishers, for example, were stuck with whole editions of Stalin's writings and countless novels glorifying life in the Soviet Fatherland. And what were they to do with all those posters of Stalin, formerly the All-Wise Father? Could they perhaps be used for wrapping goods in shops? No, for some foolish peasant might get the wrong impression. But it seemed a shocking waste of paper to throw them all away. I think the authorities of a certain political prison found the right solution to their difficulties, a solution both simple and dignified. A girl who served her sentence there told me the only recreation that prisoners were allowed was to learn Russian. When the break came no public announcement was made, but the Russian lessons were discontinued and English took their place. And prison life went on as before.

There is one political change that came as a welcome release to all: the fiction of the people's association with the work of the Party has been largely abandoned. There are far fewer of those compulsory meetings in factories where, under the sharp eyes of Party men, the workers pass political resolutions with fervent unanimity. Nowadays they are invited to come and listen for their own instruction and profit; and if they prefer not to, they are no longer penalised by the loss of the cheap goods that are available to factories. Citizens are not forced now to turn out and demonstrate on May Day, or to take part in 'voluntary' works on roads or railways under pain of losing their homes or their jobs. Here, again, abuses still occur: there have been cases of people encouraged to claim their new rights by articles in Borba explaining what these are, only to be told roughly by the authorities concerned that that was just propaganda. And this is sad, for the Party is busily at work on a campaign against illiteracy, with a view to bringing Borba within the reach of all. Indeed, one of the things that struck me most in Belgrade was the conviction of a Borba editor that a universal and attentive reading of his paper would be a decisive factor in solving the Party's problems.

The economic situation is as muddled as the political. First of all, a handful of doctrinaire planners tried to industrialise this peasant-land by a blueprint; and this they did with an overweening confidence nourished by a total ignorance of the difficulties involved. Factories were started here, there, and everywhere, regardless of the suitability of the site. Peasants were dragooned into collective farms, whether the district lent itself to large-scale farming or not. The owners of businesses were expropriated wholesale, and the richer, more important ones thrown into gaol. Statistics poured out, proving the success of these policies, which bore no relation to fact, and there were always the show factories where foreigners were marched round, invited to question the workers freely, and finally treated to plum brandy and gold-tipped

cigarettes in the Comrade Director's room.

And now there are changes here as well. It seems to have occurred to the planners that to take a peasant from his land and set him hammering at delicate machinery may be an incautious move. The collective farms, manned chiefly by incompetents and ne'er-do-wells, and those forced in by the Party, are beginning to lapse, especially in Croatia and Slovenia where they should never have been begun. Private enterprise is creeping back: in many cases small owners are being offered their businesses again, though not their capital. It is no longer dangerous for a man to work for himself. A foreign resident told me how he had employed as porter a man who also secretly manufactured candles for Catholic churches, and with the return of a relatively free enterprise, had received an imposing letter of resignation, perfectly typed on business paper.

Peasant Resistance to Government's Confiscations

The people have suffered and are suffering too much at present to have any lively interest in politics. If by his Russian honeymoon Marshal Tito has lost the love, indeed the adoration, that he earned by his resistance to the Germans, there are still no signs of active revolt against him. If conditions would only improve, the people would not care if a gipsy ruled them. And the terrorism and the intrigues and the corruption are too familiar here to shock them as they shock the westerner. During an excursion into the countryside we found that about seventy-five per cent. of the peasants in one village had been in prison, and were expecting to return there in consequence of a struggle they were quietly putting up against the Government's confiscation of their produce: and all were quite composed, apparently regarding it as in the natural order of things. They have dug in their toes and resisted oppression for centuries, they will do so to the end, and they will have the last word.

If the regime hopes to survive and to succeed, it must sooner or later make peace with them. For however strongly it may disapprove of their backwardness, their religion, and their customs, however many missionaries it may send among them to preach the gospel of Borba, it must know that the peasants are the only competent class in the country. The small professional group on the whole is disgruntled and non-co-operative: the former leaders are gaoled or exiled or dead; of the newly arisen pundits and planners it is kinder not to speak. With a reconciled and willing peasantry, and a steady and judicious development of industry with foreign help, the country might become—if not a model of socialism—at least a manageable plebeian republic with no more injustice and abuse than seem endemic in Balkan life.—Third Programme

Can Western Europe be Defended?

DONALD McLACHLAN on the progress of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation

HERE is one difficulty we all have in understanding the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. It is not something you can go and see. It has no home; it cannot be photographed; it speaks only rarely as a body; and much of its work is secret. To get the flavour of it you have to go to a meeting of the Atlantic Council of Foreign Ministers; there was one in Ottawa last month and there is another next month in Rome. Or you can go to one branch of N.A.T.O. -General Eisenhower's headquarters on the forest's edge near Paris. Here at least you can see an international team working and living together. If you like initials you call it S.H.A.P.E.; if you do not you call it Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe.

A Modest Headquarters

S.H.A.P.E. is a modest enough headquarters. It has 256 officers and a few more other ranks; and it is dealing with the security of, say, 250,000,000 people. It would command in war forces millions strong. The temporary building—all ground floor—looks like a post-war elementary school in an English suburb. You walk down a great, central corridor which is the spine of the place; and the rooms of senior officers and their staffs branch off like ribs. Having noticed but failed to identify seven or eight different kinds of uniform, you come to a cafeteria where officers and men from twelve nations take meals and 'elevenses' together. The atmosphere is only semi-military; and you quickly realise that this is a centre of peacetime defence planning. But S.H.A.P.E. is not what Civil Servants call the 'top level'. General Eisenhower has a political master-the Atlantic Council of twelve Foreign Ministers, who sometimes call in their Defence and Finance Ministers. And he has a military master in the Standing Group which sits in Washington. The Standing Group consists of three high officers representing the American, British, and French chiefs of staff. They produce the master plan for the defence of western Europe. Roughly speaking, the rest of N.A.T.O. does on an international scale what is done in each member country. The finance departments examine and prune the plan; the politicians ask whether they can get the public to back it; their advisers find out whether industry can do the work on it; and, finally, the services are told to go ahead. At each stage twelve nations of very different strength, size, and wealth have to be consulted. Italy may not see eye to eye with Canada; Iceland sees things differently from Portugal; Americans and French disagree about whether living standards in Europe can be maintained during the years of rearmament. It is quite wrong to think that N.A.T.O. is run by men in uniform. It is first and foremost a political community working on defence.

Has N.A.T.O. so far done the defence job that was waiting to be done? The answer is definitely 'Yes'. In less than eighteen months it has achieved something that could not have been done without such an organisation and without a long-sighted effort to create a community of nations—something more than allies bound together by treaty. N.A.T.O. provides already the machinery of collective security for the region of the north Atlantic and western Europe. It has the command, the forces, the plans and the resources to go into action immediately. And if you ask why we have in 1951 what we did not have in 1936 I would say that it is because the Americans are in N.A.T.O. If the British and Canadians can claim to have thought of the Atlantic Pact, it is the Americans who have done most to make it a reality. Indeed, at this stage the most important fact about N.A.T.O. is that it has actually deployed American power and British strength on the Continent for the defence of free Europe. And the result is a growing confidence in the Continental nations that war can be prevented by readiness in peacetime.

N.A.T.O., then, has won its first objective: it has given western Europe confidence. But let us not exaggerate. The job is not yet half done. This is still a time of experiment. The job of making joint defence in peacetime effective takes a lot of learning. The Atlantic allies could still fail. I will try to make clear why.

The military aim of N.A.T.O. is to have sufficient forces, weapons, and supplies in the right place to stop a Russian drive across central Europe. And when I say stop, I do not mean discourage. At the moment

there is probably sufficient strength in and around Germany to make it unlikely that western Europe this side of the Rhine could be overrun by surprise. An assault could hardly be undertaken without reinforcements coming into eastern Europe and eastern Germany. And that would give the Atlantic countries time to mobilise some of their great reserve strength. It is a holding action of this kind that 400,000 N.A.T.O. troops have been practising in the autumn manoeuvres in Germany, Those forces include the cream of the British, French, and American armies; but no one is going to maintain that, in the event of a crisis, sixteen allied divisions in Germany, with some help from Italy, Greece, and Turkey could do more than delay-or perhaps discourageopposing forces four or five times as strong. There is still a lot to do. Let us say, therefore, that enough has been done in Germany to make a possible aggressor think twice.

What happens in the next stage—say the next two or three years? For this next stage there are three military aims: there is the aim of holding the line between western and eastern Germany; the aim of making Europe strong enough to stand more on its own feet; and the aim of

getting the Germans to help.

To hold the line across Germany the strategists want fifty divisions or more on the spot or near it-let us say roughly double of what is available now-but, incidentally, only half the French army of 1939. The N.A.T.O. view is that this is the minimum force needed if the democratic powers are eventually to negotiate with the communist powers from a position of real strength in that key area. About the second aim-of getting Europe to stand more on its own feet-it is best to be quite frank. Britain and America do not want to carry indefinitely as much of the burden of Europe's defence as they are now carrying. They will want within the next five years to start levelling out or even reducing their numbers, and their expenditure on the Continent. Before this can be done, France and its neighbours must be helped to create a strong military power between them; I emphasise: between them. General Eisenhower has recently said most emphatically that American troops—six divisions of them—will stay on the Continent until it is clear that the international situation is improved or that Europe is strong. But the long-term aim of American policy is that Europe itself should provide the first line of defence on its own frontiers.

French Objections

Obviously this leads to the third aim of N.A.T.O., which is to get the 47,000,000 Germans of free western Germany to help. And here we run into a most complicated political problem. The French and some of their neighbours will not tolerate German rearmament unless the German forces are tied up with their own in a European defence community, a community with its own army, its own Defence Minister or Commissioner, and its own budget. The Germans at the moment show little or no signs of wanting to help, unless they are given full equality before joining this community. What is more, a lot of them are more interested in the possibility of re-uniting western with eastern Germany than in the prospect of joining the western defence group. So there is a race going on between the 'westerners' and the easterners' in Germany, and the next few months may show who will win. I would not like to gamble on the result. But let me be unequivocal about two points. The experts of N.A.T.O. cannot create European forces strong enough to defend Germany as part of Europe unless the Germans help. In other words if the defence of Europe is to begin on the River Elbe, where the Allied and Russian zones of occupation in Germany meet, then the Germans have to take part. If they do not, then effective defence begins behind the Rhine. N.A.T.O.'s job does not begin and end with military measures. It takes a broad political view of rearmament and its effect on the economic life of the western world. It has a board of experts trying to improve industrial production in the Atlantic community. It is trying to improve consultation between the big powers and the smaller ones. It is thinking already of what happens when N.A.T.O. has become strong enough

to keep the defence effort at a steady pace. At the moment that effort

is accelerating from low to top gear. When it gets into top gear the machine must cruise, not race—or everyone will cry out against the strain and the expense. Far and away the most important and interesting work of this kind now being done by N.A.T.O. is that of the Finance and Economic Committee of twelve appointed a month ago at the

Ottawa conference of the Atlantic Pact powers.

To put the matter quite simply: the twelve Foreign Ministers at Ottawa found in conference with their Finance and Defence Ministers that the military programme might cause too much economic dislocation and was lagging because of this fear. They insisted that the home front must be kept strong. So they appointed a group of twelve with the following tasks: first the group would discuss the military programme with General Eisenhower. They would try to find out what was absolutely necessary and what was merely desirable. Then, the group will examine the rearmament programme and economic situation of each individual country. Each government will have to satisfy them that it cannot do more, or must do less, than the military ask for. The economic experts will then work out a compromise between military and civilian needs and report back an amended programme to the supreme council of N.A.T.O.

From such recommendations should emerge fairly soon the defence programme for the next two to three years. This is what is now being done by three very experienced planners; the American Mr. Harriman, who had so much to do with the success of American aid for European recovery; the French industrial planner M. Monnet; and the chief planner for the British Government, Sir Edwin Plowden. They are for the moment international civil servants.

If this experiment succeeds we shall get between allies a degree of co-ordination that would have been impossible without N.A.T.O. It should mean that no country will be asked to sacrifice its political or economic stability for the defence of the west. The strong will help

along the weak.

For most members of N.A.T.O. this will be the crucial test. Can security be provided more cheaply and efficiently by N.A.T.O. than by nations working alone? Can the urgent needs of the present and the year or two ahead be met without doing serious damage to the economic health of the countries that are rearming. It is those questions that N.A.T.O. is trying to answer; but its success in answering them depends very largely on the effort America and Britain make while Europe itself is getting ready.—Home Service

American Opinion of Mr. Churchill's Victory

By CLIFTON UTLEY

OR the purposes of this commentary I have been trying to distil the essence of our American reaction to Britain's recent elections. I am afraid the effort will have to be given up, because there is no single response that one can call 'typically American'. Our Republicans will tell you that Mr. Churchill's victory was part of the world-wide conservative trends, and claim it shows the Republicans will win the American elections in November, 1952. Our Democrats will say it means nothing of the sort. They point to the slightness of Mr. Churchill's Parliamentary majority, and to the fact that the Labour Party's popular vote exceeded that of the Conservatives, as evidence that there was not much of any trend in Britain and certainly not enough of a trend to warrant any conclusions about a world drift to the Right.

Of course, in voicing such interpretive arguments, both of our American parties are arguing from their own briefs. In so far as there exists any widespread American response to the elections that rises above party considerations, it is, I think, considerable concern over the slimness of Mr. Churchill's majority. It had been hoped that whoever won the British elections would win by a majority sufficient to give the new British Government at least a reasonable assurance of being able to stay in office three or four years. The feeling was that a Government with such a majority would be able to take a longer-run view and, to put it bluntly, be able to behave more like a Government than like a group of candidates constantly running for office and compelled to look continuously over its shoulder in the direction of the next bye-election.

I would be less than honest were I not to report another rather widespread American fear that because of the small majority, Mr. Churchill and his Government will be unable to take even those steps that are possible with a view to remedying Britain's difficult economic and financial position. And then in consequence, Mr. Churchill when he comes to America will confront us with the alternatives of footing a much larger part of the Atlantic Pact Defence Bill, or alternately, of facing a cut in Britain's planned contribution to that defence.

I am not now arguing whether this American fear is or is not justified, I am simply saying it exists. Having said that much, this should be added: if, because of the complexities of Britain's economic position, Britain should have to request additional American aid, Mr. Churchill would obviously be the ideal person to make that request. There are two reasons for this: one is, Mr. Churchill's enormous personal prestige with Americans generally, a prestige which dates from the war years, and from Mr. Churchill's co-operation with President Roosevelt in the war. In addition, Mr. Churchill has been a fairly frequent visitor here since the war, and the speeches he has made when in our country have had enormous audiences. One of them may even have had some influence in changing, or at least in anticipating a change, in American

policy toward the Soviet Union. At the very least, it helped win wide acceptance in the American public for what was to develop into the 'Containment of Russia' policy. In addition, Mr. Churchill's memoirs have not only been appearing here in book form, they have also been widely serialised in a great number of our American newspapers, each volume being serialised in advance of its appearance in book form. I have mentioned these things because they do give Mr. Churchill a ready and sympathetic response here, a response that was never available in quite the same measure to Mr. Clement Attlee.

Perhaps another reason why Mr. Churchill will find a readier response in the United States is that whether we Americans think in terms of our political Left or our political Right, we are still thinking in terms of a regime of individual, free enterprise. Thus our Congress of Industrial Organisations, the more Left-wing of our two great American labour organisations, still favours private ownership of most basic industry on the practical grounds that it believes the rewards of labour are likely to be greater under private than under government ownership. Given this situation, it is perfectly natural that a British Prime Minister representing the party that is generally understood here as a party of private enterprise, would have a certain advantage in negotiating with the American Government, and also in winning ready acceptance from

the American people.

Now I should like to turn to the visit we in America have just had from Princess Elizabeth and her husband, and to record that it came off brilliantly. It made a real contribution towards cementing on a sentimental and human interest plane the relations of two nations that must in any case be close, if there is to be any chance of achieving world stability. Until the Royal couple arrived in Washington I had not realised how important it was to have them physically in our capital. When they landed in Canada the American press, radio and television carried-well, adequate reports of the event, and as they made their way across Canada to the west coast there were routine reports on their movements. But the moment they arrived in Washington almost all other news went out the window for forty-eight hours. Everything the couple did was chronicled in the minutest detail. Pictures of every public moment of their visit were published in our newspapers throughout the country. Movies of their activities were carried at the end of each day on our nation-wide television news programmes. Why was the trip so successful and its impact so great? Partly, I think, because of the natural charm of the Princess, but partly also because we saw the Princess identified with symbols very dear to most of us Americans. We saw the Princess and her husband in the Library of Congress, looking at the original manuscript of the Constitution of the United States; we saw them going down the stairway at Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington; we saw them before Washington's tomb; at the

tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington, Virginia; on the steps of the Capitol building; and in the White House. These are the same things every American who visits Washington goes to see. These things are a part of our American national symbolism, and seeing the Princess in such settings had an effect that could hardly have been achieved by other means.

I should also like to mention one aspect of the visit, the much-photographed reception at the British Embassy in Washington, where the Princess, after already having spent a very strenuous day, reportedly shook hands with between 1,500 and 2,000 persons. This had a dual effect; undoubtedly it flattered and pleased those who actually attended the Embassy party, but beyond that and much more important, it elicited very sympathetic feelings from a great many Americans who saw pictures of the long Embassy line and who pondered ruefully of how their arms would feel if they had to shake that many hands in one day. These may be little things, but they have their importance in world affairs, an importance not to be underestimated simply because in many ways it is intangible.

One American mechanic summed up a rather widely-held view of the visit 'I don't know about this Royalty business', he said, 'the pay is good all right, but the hours certainly are not'. The mechanic's implicit appreciation that Royalty, like anybody else, has its job to do, and that the work week doesn't end at forty hours, has its certain

importance for our American scene.

Finally, as to American policy in respect of the Suez crisis, and to distinguish our policy regarding Suez from our Iranian policy. I gather there has been a certain amount of British criticism of our American policy with respect to the British-Iranian oil dispute. Some British organs seem to have expressed the view that we were trying to push British influence out of Iran, in order to replace it ourselves, with consequent financial profit to America, and that that was the reason we did not give Britain greater support on the oil dispute. It seems to me that this view loses sight of two fundamentals: one is, that since a valuable British balance of payments is essential to the United States it is not, in our American interests, to encourage any step that may throw the British balance of payments further in deficit. Thus, far from being to America's interest to see Britain lose Iranian oil income, the loss of that income by Britain actually hurts the United States. It may hurt the United States in a concrete way, if American aid to Britain has to be increased further to help cover the additional balance of payments deficit caused by British loss of Iranian oil income.

It seems to me that the real reason we Americans felt unable to give Britain all-out support on Iran was that all-out support would have involved British troop-landings in Iran. We were unwilling to underwrite this because we felt it might result in Soviet troops entering Northern Iran under terms of the Russo-Iranian Treaty. There was the fear that once in the country Soviet forces might ultimately extend their influence throughout the nation. What it came down to was this; we were reluctant to see Britain lose income from Iranian oil, but when it seemed it might be a choice between this and between a series of moves that would have risked eventual extension of Soviet control to the Persian Gulf, the Gulf of Oman and the borders of Pakistan. That latter was a risk we did not feel we could afford to underwrite.

The Suez situation is rather markedly different. There is no common frontier between Russia and Egypt, and consequently no immediate danger of direct Russian troop intervention. In addition, where the British would have had to land troops in Iran, thus appearing the aggressor to many confused peoples, in the Suez Canal zone British troops are already on the ground under perfectly valid treaties. There is the further fact that Suez has a direct importance to the United States in two ways: first, it is vital to our American naval strategists; second, it is vital to the preservation of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and that, too, it is increasingly appreciated here in America, is a vital American interest. Consequently both American interest and American capabilities indicate a much greater degree of American support for

Britain in the Suez affair than in the Iranian oil dispute.

By way of postscript, a word about General Eisenhower, who is now* in Washington for consultations with President Truman. General Eisenhower says he is here for the sole purpose of discussing military problems. Actually, however, it is rather hard to see how military and political problems—even American domestic political problems—can be entirely separate. For if General Eisenhower should plan to resign his command after the end of the year, so as to be available here in America for a Republican Presidential nomination, then Mr. Truman must begin to think in terms of a new commander right now. So, all denials to the contrary, most of us think politics are coming into the talks between the President and the Supreme Commander. We do not pretend to know what is being said; more and more, however, we are getting the impression that Eisenhower, though perhaps not running for the Presidential nomination, would certainly not be unpleasantly surprised if the Republican Convention should decide that he was to be its Presidential candidate.—Home Service

* Broadcast on November 5

Television and Education in America

By JOHN COATMAN

MERICAN broadcasting is a business, run for profit. The individual stations are owned by individuals, by business companies, churches, universities, and many other kinds of organised interests, and many of them are not run for profit. The so-called university network, which includes some dozens of university-owned stations, is primarily an educational network. But every station and all the networks are compelled by law to serve the public interest, so not all their broadcasting time is for sale. It is devoted to the 'sustaining programmes' which are meant to be educational and informative. It is in these programmes, particularly those of the national networks, that we find much of the best broadcasting in America. But it would not be so easy for the television stations to put out sustaining programmes because of their cost. In fact, this aspect of television is causing a good deal of heart-burning at present.

The Government and educational authorities everywhere insist that this new and powerful instrument shall be reserved, partly at any rate, for educative and public service. For example, I found that television is being used in Southern Illinois to help in the re-education of coalminers in worked-out areas, to fit them for other jobs. The educational associations of the country want about ten per cent of the possible television channels to be reserved for education. Whether they will get

that is doubtful, but the battle is going on briskly.

This matter of the future organisation and control of television in the United States has some important implications. I was discussing it with one of the leading business men in San Francisco and he told me that many men like himself were afraid that Congress or the Government or both, might insist on putting television in America on a purely public service basis like television in Great Britain. To avoid this, my friend thought that those now running television should turn it into the same sort of cultural and generally educative activity as our television. What he said was both significant and promising. After all, the American Government has not done too badly with frequency modulation. A portion of the F.M. band is reserved specifically for educational and public service purposes, and some of the output of these stations certainly struck me as being of good quality and in line with our own B.B.C. ideals.

On the technical side, the Americans have gone ahead of us in such things as the use of the V.H.F. and the radio link in television. Television now covers the States from the Pacific to the Atlantic through its use. Television is now within reach of the majority of the American people—a stupendous achievement. Also it was impressive to see the exhibitions of colour television in shop windows and elsewhere. The number of television stations also is quite astonishing to us. The televising of such major events as the Japanese Treaty, the Kefauver Committee's investigation into organised crime, and the proceedings of U.N.O. is definitely an educative process of the highest value and is already having important political effects—among others, the weakening of such isolationist opinion as still exists. All the same, the quality of television programmes in general is not equal to ours, although we have much to learn from the boldness of American experiments on both the technical and the programme sides.

-From a talk in the North of England Home Service

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of The LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in The LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in The Listener do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 2d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

Plato à la Mode

ORD RADCLIFFE tells us in his first Reith lecture (the fourth of the series of lectures instituted by the B.B.C. in 1947) which we publish today that he is going to take one more glance at the familiar features of democratic society; to reexamine what lies behind such phrases as 'freedom', 'liberty', and the 'rule of law' which we often tend to take for granted; and as a method of doing so to look backwards at some great books and great events, reassessing them in modern terms. In the present lecture he considers Plato's idea of the state as set out in his book, The Republic, and reflects upon that.

Most of us, although we may not realise it, are born into the world either little Platonists or little Aristotelians. It may happen that, with growth of thought and experience, we resolve, if we think about the matter, that the best form of political society may be a cross between Platonic and Aristotelian ideas. But those who do not think about it, subconsciously take sides. During the recent General Election, for example, people were heard to say 'if only the best men in the country could get together and form a Government' or 'if only one could get rid of the politicians and leave it all to the Civil Service'. Such people are Platonists. For in his Republic Plato would have left government to hereditary Guardians or philosophers, protected by Warriors or soldiers, and looking after the common people. That form of government is, as Lord Radcliffe remarks, no mere Utopia but a kind of State that has often been tried in modern history. What was the Cromwellian Protectorate, for instance, other than the rule of Puritan Guardians, surrounded by soldiers, striving to govern the people for their own good? What did the eighteenth century see in this country but Disraeli's Venetian oligarchy', reinforced by an occasional Pitt? Even in the nineteenth century, for all its Reform Bills and the like, it was still the same hereditary class of rulers that played a game of ins-and-outs under the name of Whigs and Tories. In the twentieth century we have observed Platonism taking new forms. Hitler's Germany might be seen as Platonic; in his remarkable book The Open Society and its Enemies Karl Popper wrote that Plato's political programme is 'purely totalitarian'. In Russia and other countries behind the Iron Curtain the Communist Party can be described as Guardians. In pre-war Japan the Elder Statesmen or Genro carried on a tradition of guardianship, while the Samurai or military caste provided the warriors. So, too, modern imperialism in the best sense of the word has been a kind of Platonic Government. A ruling class provided by the Imperial State tries to govern natives for their own improvement, with a garrison to keep order. That kind of rule could be seen-and can still be seen-in parts of the British, French and Dutch Empires.

Indeed we often overlook the fact that parliamentary democracy as it exists today has a very short history and prevails only in a small part of the globe. Aristotle realised, just as did his teacher, Plato, that in theory either monarchy or aristocracy was the best form of government. But what Aristotle also saw was that in the real world of politics these institutions are easily subject to corruption and corruptio optimi pessima. Democracy may also be corrupt, but nevertheless may carry within itself the means to check, purge and expose its own corruptions. That is what people forget when they say 'to blazes with politicians; let the experts govern'. For the experts may not prove as single-minded as Plato's Guardians. Whether or not modern democracy would be approved by Aristotle is, of course, a moot question. Perhaps Lord Radcliffe will resolve it in another lecture.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the new Government

LAST WEEK COMMENTATORS all over the world continued to take a great interest in the British election results and, in particular, whether Mr. Churchill's coming to power would lead to direct negotiations with Stalin. The hope that this would be the case was expressed, in particular, in press comment in France and India. The Hindustan Times was quoted as expressing the belief that a meeting of the Big Three might well ease international tension:

It would be worth trying because of the issues at stake. It is not as though a third world war has yet to begin. It has a ready begun in Korea, and with the whole of the Middle East ready to burst into flame, the problem before the world statesmen is how to put out the fire which has already started in the Far East before it spreads and envelops the whole world. If Churchill can achieve this, the Conservative victory will have more than justified itself.

From the United States, the Christian Science Monitor was quoted for the opinion that a large part of the world had drawn encouragement from Mr. Churchill's return to power; while the Washington Daily News, recalling that Mr. Churchill is one of the most eloquent supporters of a United Europe, hoped that his victory would provide a new stimulus to this end:

The nations of Western Europe are collaborating now as never before under the pressure of collective security in the face of Russian aggression. The formation of a strong united states of Europe could provide another turning point in history.

The New York Herald Tribune pointed out that the United States strongly favoured the unification of western Europe, and went on:

Mr. Churchill's return to power may well mean a more positive attitude on Britain's part toward the integration of Europe. British Conservatives may not be ready to go as far as the French Government in giving reality to the ideal of unity, but they will not be restrained by Socialist dogmatism, as was the Labour Cabinet, in dealing with continental governments. And Mr. Churchill was an early and eloquent advocate of a United Europe.

Moscow comments on the change of government in Britain continued the line that little change could be expected in British internal or external policy, since 'the Labour Government itself pursued a Conservative policy'. Meanwhile, Moscow radio, while not indulging in any speculation whether Mr. Churchill's return to power would enhance the prospects of direct East-West negotiations, quoted in its English broadcasts, the Soviet English-language magazine, News, on the desirability of such negotiations—particularly between the U.S.S.R. and U.S.A.—for a peaceful settlement of all issues;

Under present conditions co-operation between the Soviet Union and the United States is an indispensable requisite for a stable peace throughout the world. It is these considerations which are prompting public opinion in all countries to recognise the necessity for negotiations between the Great Powers, and in the first place between the Soviet Union and the United States. This demand must be hearkened to. It is the voice of the people.

The appeal for a five-power 'peace' pact was again much to the fore in Moscow broadcasts, in view of the opening of the World 'Peace' Council's session in Vienna. Much was made of the alleged 562,000,000 signatures to the appeal (including, it was said, 800,000 in Britain), which basically provided 'a reliable guarantee' for averting the new war which the ruling circles of the U.S.A. were preparing.

One aspect of the British election results which continued to arouse the interest of commentators was the future of the Labour Party; and speculation was rife whether there would develop a more open conflict between Mr. Bevan and the Labour leadership. A 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna radio stated that for the maintenance of its total voting strength the Labour Party was indebted to the Communists' decision to nominate candidates only in constituencies of leading warmongers, and counselling their members elsewhere to vote Labour:

This united front policy contributed decisively to Labour's gain of 700,000 votes.

A Polish broadcast maintained that the only crumb of comfort for the British people was the increasing strength of the Left-wing elements, as evidenced in the Bevanites' success. The Communist Party was the chief propulsive force in this Leftward movement, and during the Conservatives' term of office 'it will be to the Communist Party rather than to the House of Commons that the British working-class will turn'.

Did You Hear That?

HOTEL COUPONS FOR ITALY

THOSE BRITISH PEOPLE who have been able to go abroad for their holidays since the war have found that in addition to the difficulties caused by currency restriction, they have had to contend more and more with extras on their hotel bills, sometimes 15 per cent. for service, various taxes, perhaps in winter something for heating, and other

oddments which are not within the original budget. CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Rome Correspondent, recently explained in 'Radio Newsreel' how the Italian tourist organisation has decided to try to improve matters by introducing, a system of hotel

'These coupons (he said) would be on sale in the countries from which the tourists come. Before they started on their travels in Italy, they would be able to go to an agency in London, or elsewhere, and buy a collection of these coupons, which would be divided into price levels according to the class of hotel which the tourist wanted to frequent.

Armed with these coupons which he had bought in his own currency, the

tourist would be able to come to Italy and with them settle the whole of his hotel bill, including all the irritating extras. So he would know in advance exactly what his hotels were going to cost him, and at the same time, the Italian currency which he acquired with his traveller's cheques could be spent on other things: on souvenirs and picture postcards and bus tours and so on, all of which would benefit the

"The old days have changed", said a representative of the tourist industry to me. "In the old days, the English milord or the American millionaire would come to Italy and take a villa outside Florence or on the Bay of Naples and live there for weeks and weeks without counting the pennies. Today it is the turn of the average man and woman, who have limited holidays and a limited purse. They want to travel about and see as much as they can in the limited time at their disposal. And we hope very much that our plan for hotel coupons may help this average man and woman on their way round our lovely country'

BULL FIGHTING IN THE CAMARGUE

Speaking of his sojourn on a ranch in the Camargue, the flat swampland at the mouth of the Rhône, McDonald Prain said in a Home Service broadcast: 'The Camargue pony is a deceptive little blighter. When you see him standing with his broad head and rather hang-dog expression, you would think he would be a dullard to ride. But it is the nearest thing to mounting one of the hounds of hell a man can experience'. These ponies are used in bull fights.

'The bull fight begins (he went on) with the horsemen riding out over the marshes to round up the young bulls. It was a helterskelter affair with dogs barking, shouts, and whip cracks. I watched them spread out towards the horizon, and then walked the two kilometres to where the arena had been built. Simply a circular stockade like the five-barred corral you see in the wild-west films. At one side there was a gate to let the bull in, and at the other a gate to let it out. Unlike Spain, they do not kill the bull or hurt it at all, for that matter. Instead they attach paper cockades between the horns, and the idea is to snatch them out without getting hurt. Your prize is valued according to the ferocity of the bull you get.

Bus-loads of local lads and lasses from the surrounding villages began to arrive. They had brought everything to make the day a success-food, wine, coloured caps to wave at the bulls, running shoes. and a five-piece jazz-band. I heard a great shout go up "Les taureaux

. voilà les taureaux!"the horsemen were bringing in the bulls. Everyone rushed over to the pen and watched the herd being driven in. A bull would break away and rush up

to the panic-stricken spectators, scattering them like a cat in a hen-run. They seemed to love this game with the bulls.

'These bulls are of Asiatic origin, built for speed, not beef, and after one good look at their wicked, sharp, curving horns, I chose a vantage point beneath a tree-I did not climb it, you understand, but I made sure the branches were within reach. 'The rest of the morning

was spent loosing off bull calves one at a time into the open veldt. The horsemen chased them up to a

crowd of youths who leapt about, avoiding the horn thrusts and trying to throw the creatures with their bare hands. And by the luncheon interval there were quite a few ripped shirts and surface lacerations'.



Young men trying to snatch a paper cockade from between a bull's horns—a photograph taken by McDonald Prain during his wisit to the Camargue

OPAL MINERS OF LIGHTNING RIDGE

'The home of opal mining nowadays', said Frank Leechman in a Home Service talk, 'is at a little place called Lightning Ridge, sixty miles from Walgett, in Northern New South Wales. Approaching the Ridge across the plains, we can hardly see the rise until we are close to it, then the road starts to climb a gentle slope, scarcely a mile long altogether, and having alternately a rise and then a level stretch, so that it mounts in a series of four or five stages. The total height is only about 100 feet, and it is well covered with grass and trees. From end to end the main ridge, about six miles long, runs in a curve, something like a horseshoe. In the centre of the horseshoe lies the little township, as if in the grassy hollow of a long-extinct volcano.

'Not many people live at Lightning Ridge, only about 140, but there is accommodation at the hotel and some of the homes are very attractive. But others are not so good, and out in the bush are little cabins, and a tent or two. When my son first went there two years ago, he lived under canvas with one of the old hands, a friend who introduced him to bush life and taught him a lot. Then he bought a place in the town—not very palatial perhaps, but one can't expect everything for £30, especially when a quarter-acre of fenced land is included, together with a blacksmith's forge (for hardening the array of picks), a grinding bench for cutting and polishing the opals, a set of some seventy carpenter's tools, and a bicycle, not forgetting a marvellous cooking stove. What did it matter if the windows were innocent of glass and the floor was of good solid earth?

It is a wonderfully healthy place: many of the old-timers live to eighty-five and ninety, and are still active and working at that age. They get up at daylight every morning, put on the billy, have a bite of breakfast and then off to their diggings as the sun rises on a fresh new day. By ten o'clock they come back, their day's work done before the heat is too strong. They cook their dinners, sleep in the afternoon,

do one or two odd jobs round the camp before tea, then to bed soon after sunset—this is a recipe for good health and long life. There must be nearly a dozen such men up there going down their shafts and picking away every day for a few hours. Not many of the younger men gouge (or mine) regularly for opals. It is too uncertain, as there is no set pay, and one needs a pension or some other work as well.

The most systematic workers are those of European extraction. They say "I am going to sink a shaft here and drive through to that old hole over there", then they go ahead and methodically do just that. The British or Australian will sink a shaft and then if he hears of a better hold, pull out and go to it, just as he feels inclined. Sometimes he finds a good patch but often our Teutonic friends, with their more orderly plan, seem to do just as well, or even a little better. Those are the types of miners, the older pensioners, still active and healthy at eighty years or more, gnarled a little, with bright eyes and work-worn hands and clothes: the family men, generally shearing or fencing perhaps and gouging at the week-ends or in their holidays, and the regular workers, three or four of them, who may have been working the same claim for years'.

TOUCHING DOWN IN THE ALPS

'Why should we climb mountains on foot?' asked CLAIRE ENGEL in a Home Service talk. 'It would be so much easier to fly above the summit and, if possible, land on it. This brilliant idea was conceived long before planes came into existence. As early as 1786, just two years after the first balloon flight, it was put forward as a joke by a scientist from Geneva, Horace-Bénédict de Saussure. When planes were in their infancy one of the first spectacular accidents was the death in 1910 of Chavez, a young South American airman who tried to hop over the Alps and crashed on the Simplon Pass.

As years went by it became less and less dangerous to cross mountains in a plane, but enterprising people went one step further and decided to try to land. One of the mountains they selected was Mont Blanc. One thing is certain: no plane has ever landed on the actual summit of Mount Blanc. The summit is a small snow dome, about the size of a large dining-room table, surrounded by precipices, some of them very steep, and connected with the rest of the range by two

ridges, both steep and very narrow.

In September 1921 François Durafour, a Swiss airman, attempted this very dangerous flight in a small plane fitted with skis instead of wheels. I happened to be near the place, at the Grands Mulets hut. From it you can see the two upper snow plateaus—the Petit and the Grand Plateau—very distinctly, and the summit very far away. My guide and I eventually saw a shining white speck making for the mountain at great speed. It passed us, climbing higher and becoming more and more difficult to see against the blue ice-walls surrounding the Grand Plateau. When I reached Chamonix three or four hours later, everybody was very excited. We heard that Durafour had safely landed on the Grand Plateau, and, what is even more extraordinary and a

proof of immense skill, he succeeded later in taking off from the ice expanse and came down safely in the valley, near Chamonix.

'The spectacular flight of 1921 has been repeated this year by two young Swiss airmen, Zehr and Darmestedter. They took off from La Chaux-de-Fonds in a small plane and made, not for the actual summit, but for the Dôme de Goûter, a very large snow hump about 1,000 feet lower than the summit of Mont Blanc. They had had a number of Chamonix guides sent up before them to beat a landing-ground on the snow. The plane landed without difficulty, but bent forward and broke its propeller. While they

signalled to have another flown up and parachuted, the plane slipped and turned over. The two men came down on foot and reached Chamonix without any trouble. When the pilot returned, by some feat of engineering the plane was eventually catapulted off the mountain and flew away safely.

Most of the papers, when telling that story, have said that the landing took place on the summit. But until helicopters can reach so great a height, it is not likely that the summit will ever be reached except by

mountaineers on foot'.

A 'WEATHER MAN' SPEAKS

GAVIN WHITE, a Canadian who recently spent twenty-two months in a remote meteorological station in Baffin Land, spoke about his experiences in 'The Eye-witness'

'There were eleven of us there', he said. 'We had a hut comprising a common-room, kitchen, and sleeping cubicles. It was comfortable enough on the whole, but there were a certain number of discomforts. For example, ice used to form on the bottom of the mattresses due to condensation; the rug would freeze to the floor, and through most of the winter there was a three- or four-inch layer of ice up in the ceiling. But you were O.K. in your bunks, until the ice started to melt in the spring, and on the whole our quarters were warm enough. In fact, it was a good bit hotter round the stove in the centre of the hut

than it is in the average house here in Britain.

'About the worst part of the job of a weather man in this part of the world was staying out to read the instruments when the weather was bad. We had to take regular readings of the thermometers, barometers, wind gauges, and various other sorts of instruments. Another job was to send the meteorological balloons into the upper atmosphere, with instruments attached to them, so that we could know what was going on up there. This involved making hydrogen to fill the balloons, for which we had a plant. Handling the hydrogen tanks was, to say the least of it, unpleasant in winter, because you could feel the cold of the metal even through your mitts, and there were many occasions when we had a real struggle to launch the balloons; they are about six feet across, and difficult to handle in a high wind. The weather station at Clyde filled in a blank spot in the network of meteorological stations which span northern Canada to within 450 miles of the North Pole.

Why do we need a chain of "met." stations right across the Arctic of Canada? The answer is that the weather in the North Atlantic, and over the British Isles, too, is affected by the air masses which form in the Polar regions, and if you want weather reporting for the transatlantic air services, and for general purposes in the British Isles, you must be forewarned of what is brewing up in northern Canada and Greenland.

Some of these meteorological stations were established by the Americans during the war, and then incorporated into the network of met. stations being built up by the Canadian Department of Transport.

Others were jointly set up by the two Governments, and still have some Americans in the crews, and gradually they have stretched across the whole of the northlands of Canada. The first weather outpost has been operated on and off since 1909 at a place called Arctic Bay, in Baffin Island, north of where I was at Clyde Inlet. With us, a supply ship put in once a year when the sea ice breaks up in July. An aircraft dropped letters and things such as fresh meat by parachute around Christmas time, and we streamed out over the ice carrying lanterns, and waited for it to come droning in through the midday twilight'.



Clyde Inlet, Baffin Island, site of the remote meteorological station described on this page

Flaubert and the Grotesque

By PHILIP SPENCER

HEN Flaubert was twenty-four, his sister Caroline, whom he loved perhaps more than anyone else, died suddenly in childbirth. Flaubert went to the funeral. 'The grave', he wrote to a friend, 'was too narrow, the coffin wouldn't go in. They knocked it, pulled it, turned it round all ways, manoeuvred with spade and crowbars—till finally a grave-digger stamped on it (just above the head) to force it down. I stood alongside, holding my hat. I threw it away, shouting . . . I felt as hard as the tomb-stone, but horribly angry. I decided to tell you all this because I thought you'd enjoy it. You are sensible enough, and you love me well enough, to understand what I mean by enjoyment, though the word would seem ludicrous to a bourgeois'.

Cruel, Preposterous Contrasts

Flaubert's enjoyment lay in what he called the grotesque—the cruel, preposterous contrast between Caroline's frail beauty and the lumbering, heavy-handed incompetence of the grave-diggers. In fact, if there is one element in Flaubert's sensibility that dominates, controls, and conditions all others, it is this sense of the grotesque—the instinctive, idiosyncratic part of his personality where he was most original. But this originality, though inherent, was fertilised and fostered; and it apparently had two main sources. Even as a schoolboy, Flaubert read Byron voraciously: and in Byron he could find a deliberate bathos that satirised high-flown emotions and put them in their place. In 'Don Juan', for instance, the hero, on embarking for France, delivers this impassioned farewell to his Spanish beloved:

And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
• But that's impossible, and cannot be—
Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
Or think of anything excepting thee:
A mind diseased no remedy can physic—
(Here the ship gave a lurch and he grew sea-sick.)

But Byron uses bathos as a corrective to emotions he does not altogether believe in—as a douche of common sense after a particularly extravagant piece of attitudinising: he is convinced by the mal de mer and not by Don Juan's protestation of love. Flaubert, on the other hand, was more of a Byronic hero than Byron himself: he was persuaded by his own rhetoric, ready to accept (at least in his youth) his emotions at their face value. As a result, his bathos has a bitterness surpassing the bitterness of disillusion. For Flaubert believes in what he denies: he is equally sincere when he affirms and when he negates. If, then, the conflicting elements of the grotesque are equally valid, if the primary emotion is as genuine as the situation that contradicts it, the struggle has no issue: it is indecisive because the sides are fairly matched. Byron, by the use of bathos, makes Don Juan's farewell seem insincere and ridiculous: one qualm of sea-sickness and the rickety structure collapses. But not all the grave-diggers in the world can obliterate Flaubert's love for Caroline or rob it of its reality. The

If Flaubert had gone no further, he would hardly have done more than annotate the Romantic use of irony, but he developed and enhanced his feeling for the grotesque until it approximated to a general outlook on the world. In this he was helped by Hugo's preface to Cromwell, the paradoxical and superficial text-book of Romantic dramatic theory. Hugo was the second source of Flaubert's idea: in fact, it was Hugo who had first claimed the grotesque as an essential ingredient in art, maintaining that by its contrast with the sublime it made modern art possible. 'As a goal together with the sublime and made a means of contrast', said Hugo, 'the grotesque is, in our opinion, the most fertile field nature can throw open to art... The salamander enhances the water-sprite; the gnome sets off the sylph'. It is, however, clear that Hugo conceives of the grotesque as an artistic device, a sort of inexplicit antithesis, which intensifies each colour by setting it against its complement. The examples he quotes—Caesar fearing to fall out

of his triumphal chariot; Cromwell dabbling ink on the face of a regicide with the same hand that signed the king's death warrant; Socrates speaking of the one true God and sacrificing a cock to Aesculapius—these examples are dramatic. They bring out human weaknesses in heroes who would otherwise be superhuman, but they do not mean much to Hugo off the stage. In point of fact, Hugo hardly used the grotesque at all, except dramatically in sequences.

Flaubert was born in 1821, so that he was nearly thirty-four years younger than Byron and twenty years younger than Hugo. By 1830, when he was nine, the Romantic movement was triumphant. What little solidarity had been imposed by the need to conquer the classics collapsed, and the movement was exposed to its natural centrifugal tendencies. Flaubert, therefore, had what was impossible for Hugo and unthinkable for Byron-a Romantic adolescence; and the rout of the classiques enabled him to pursue and develop unhindered whatever appealed to him in Romantic literature. He fastened, above all, on the grotesque. To begin with, Flaubert had a natural faculty for criticism, a precocious sense of what was false. One of his letters, written when he was nine, runs: 'As there's a lady who often comes to see Daddy and tells us a lot of blah, I'll write it down'. And the hospital in which he was brought up gave him plenty of opportunity to develop his feeling for incongruity in matters that moved him deeply, to strip the veneer off beauty and show it as it was. 'The loveliest of women', he wrote with self-conscious cynicism when he was fifteen, 'is not very lovely on a dissecting table, with her intestines on her nose, one leg opened up, and half a burnt-out cigar lying on her foot'. That is already a grotesque picture, and it is too realistic for Hugo and too cruel for Byron. Flaubert's essential difference is that he not merely used the grotesque: he felt it—felt it instinctively as an inherent contradiction in his picture of the world.

That was his starting point. But by the time he had finished the first L'Education Sentimentale, in 1845, his theory of the grotesque had been extended, deepened, and in part expounded. He rejected the hedonist approach to beauty as a mere source of pleasure. Art, he declared, by contrasting beauty and ugliness, could go further and achieve a 'beauty greater than beauty itself' because it reached closer to the source of infinite intelligence. Now the most vivid contrast between beauty and ugliness is in the grotesque, and for Flaubert the grotesque therefore becomes an essential means of widening the scope and sharpening the impact of art. Without the grotesque, no true beauty; and without true beauty, no art. If Flaubert had approached the grotesque only as an element in aesthetic theory, it would have been important but not remarkable. But he turned the idea into a feeling—not only instinctively but deliberately.

The Recipe for Art

Like all his generation he had unconsciously absorbed and accepted the Romantic doctrine that emotion is the only proper form of knowledge—that intellectual cognition is inadequate till it has been supples mented and enhanced by emotional perception. It was one of his prescripts for good writing. 'The less one feels a thing, the more fitted one is to express it as it is', he told Louise Colet. But he added immediately: 'But one must have the faculty of making oneself feel it'. In other words, the emotional response must be under control. Though detached and impartial, the artist must be able to feel, deliberately and voluntarily, any element in his experience—or indeed in the experience of others. The recipe for art is therefore emotion evoked in tranquillity. Flaubert's own psychological hygiene involved him in daily exercises of this essential faculty—the conjuring up of emotions to match an idea. Time and again in his note books one finds him brooding—about his youth, his aspiration, friends, love affairs. And his purpose is never to analyse a feeling but always to realise it—to take hold of it, contemplate it, and gouge it into his consciousness.

In this way, he realised the grotesque, turning it into an aspect of sensibility, a form of pleasure and pain. Because of its inherent contradiction, he both enjoyed and hated it. Hence his pleasure as he watched

the grave-digger stamping on Caroline's coffin, for the grotesque concealed an intrinsic, inevitable pathos—a pathos that would be intolerable if it were not in some way funny. There were other occasions of the same kind: when he was in Jerusalem and descended into the Holy Sepulchre, silent with awe, the first object that met his eye as he peered through the door was a full-length portrait of Louis Philippe, most bourgeois of all bourgeois kings. 'O Grotesque', he wrote in his diary, 'thou art as the sun: thy light, irradiating the world with thy glory, shines even in the tomb of Jesus!' Or again, when, passing through Tivoli, he went to visit Horace's house, he was impeded by fourteen ladies and gentlemen all mounted on donkeys.

The grotesque, therefore, being an epitome of life, is a constant feature of Flaubert's novels, turning up just when it is least expected. The most famous example is certainly the agricultural show in Madame Bovary, where Rodolphe makes love to Emma, while below the chair-

man of the judges awards prizes:

'He seized her hand: she didn't withdraw it.
"General prize for good farming!" cried the chairman.

"Just now, for instance, I wanted to leave but I stayed with you all the

" Manure"

"Just as I would stay this evening and to-morrow and all the days of my life".
"To M Caron of Argueil, a gold medal".

"" For I've never found anyone's company so delightful".

"To M. Bain of Givry Saint Martin

"I shall carry away the memory of you, too".

"For a merino ram".
"But you'll forget me. I shall have passed by like a shadow".

"To M. Belot of Notre Dame".

"Oh no! Tell me that I shall leave some trace in your thoughts in your life".

6 "Pigs! Equal first, MM. Lehérissé and Cullembourg. Sixty francs".

Worked out like that, of course, the grotesque has overtones: the monetary prizes of the show set off the calculation in Rodolphe's love making. But whether or not it contains such implications, the essence of the grotesque lies in the incongruity between emotions and circumstances. On the one hand, there is a situation which, conventionally and properly, ought to be moving; on the other, is a situation which ought to be intrinsically funny. In consequence, both deep feeling and comedy are inhibited: each element fails to elicit its normal response, so that one can neither laugh nor cry. The synthesis in this pseudodialectic is the grotesque itself, the negation of the negation; and the grotesque issues in a dry bitterness, a wry smile, a cool, self-regarding

An Oddly Flavoured Scepticism

Flaubert draws the moral that everywhere and at all times human feeling is an intrusion in the world. However intense a man's feelinghis love, grief, delight, or nostalgia—he has no right to expect any co-operation from circumstances; for circumstances are consistently in-different and even hostile. Thus the grotesque, which contain's Flaubert's response to beauty in the widest sense, also sums up his attitude to the human situation.

But Flaubert is not content to leave the matter there. Having once established and emotionalised the grotesque, he intellectualises it on another level till it produces Bouvard et Pécuchet. This, his last novel, begun when he was fifty and left unfinished at his death eight years later, is the philosophical interpretation of the basic incongruity of human life. Hitherto-in Bovary, L'Education Sentimentale, La Tentation, even Salammbô-he had traced out the conflict between illusion and reality, ambition and achievement, mysticism and fact, but the conflict had always taken place in the realm of the emotions. Now he transposed it on to the plane of abstract ideas. He takes as his guineapigs two ageing office-clerks who have come into some money and are anxious to educate themselves, and he sifts through their minds as much of human thought as he can pack into ten concentrated chapters. Philosophy, history, archeology, psychology, geology, religion, literature, literary criticism—every science or pseudo-science becomes in the minds of these 'knowledge addicts' ludicrous, incoherent, farcical. When they take up geology, they are arrested for travelling without passports; and, on their release, Bouvard panics on a cliff face because he thinks the current geological period has come to a sudden end. Turning to gymnastics, they hurt themselves by falling about. Water-divining leads them to uncertainty about the real distinction between mind and matter; religion reveals to them inconsistencies in the Bible; love makes

them scorn womankind. In short, they show up knowledge as a precarious amalgam of prejudice and convention. Established ideas are grotesque because they claim to be true and are, as Bouvard and Pécuchet discover, either uncertain or false. Intellectually, therefore, the grotesque culminates in an oddly flavoured scepticism, just as emotionally it leads to a peculiar brand of cynicism. Man's mind is as little able to deal with the world as are his feelings. Strive as he may, his intellectual conclusions are at variance with the facts, and his emotional reactions at odds with reality. All he understands is his preconceived notions; all he feels, his private, personal responses. The larger picture escapes him utterly because of his basic limitations. In short, Flaubert is a pyrrhonist of mind and senses.

It is curious how often a man's private destiny accords with his conception of total human destiny, as though the ideas he has selected adopt him in the end. Certainly the grotesque runs like a dark, glittering thread all through Flaubert's life, from his childhood in Rouen to his death at Croisset. The wry pleasure he felt at Caroline's funeral was repeated each time the grotesque obligingly recurred at a moment of crisis. When his own funeral followed the same path to the Monumental Cemetery at Rouen it seemed almost by prearrangement that his coffin was too large for the grave, stuck awkwardly into the earth, resisted all attempts to move it, and had to be left rebelliously cocked

at an angle of forty-five degrees.—Third Programme

The Casino at Monte Carlo

The craft of centuries shrugs its gorgeous shoulders: tier on smiling tier, the plaster Welcomes in a hundred tongues a hundred happy currencies: the brilliant calculated gardens sing The praises of a sort of greatness of a sort of men.

A hard-faced gentleman Explores the air. He nods abruptly to a thin and aging lady: Fresh from the Mount of Piety's descent, she almost only owns The jewels she's standing up in.

They stroll towards a scrubbed and shining square of lawn, like nature painted. Here one shoots at pigeons: the pigeons are all quite real.

Tense eyes transfix a wooden box: a bell rings loudly: remote control removes the lid. A cramped bird slowly staggers up, and out of darkness Into darkness. Its legs still dangle on the grass. Firm finger tightens. Bang. The croupier sniggered at him, But he stood no nonsense from this bird! It falls beside the box, Hops twice, and stretches, hides its head, and dies.

Dusk gathers: the sportsmen leave their sport: now is the empty hour Of studs and stockings, steak and taking stock. The brilliant gardens pay their debt to darkness, the Casino glimmers softly, Like a town barracks aglow with pigeons' droppings. D. J. ENRIGHT

The Hindered Hind

How goes the hindered hind through field and wood? The fallen acorn rises to a tree, The stones are rocks, The sky falls down, becomes An undemolished wall, insuperable.

The wind is made the hounds' perpetual breath, They will not tire, nothing will spare the meek Pale creatures of a foolish love that saves With speechless pardon all the hindering world.

I. R. ORTON



A general view of the Kuznetsk iron and steel works in southern Siberia

WENTY years ago industrial development in the Soviet Union was reflected in curiously contrasting ways in the everyday life of the country. On the one hand its inadequacy was seen in the extreme scarcity of consumer goods and services. One's Russian friends were very badly housed. In cities like Moscow they were lucky to have a single room to themselves, the remaining rooms in the flat being occupied by other families. They were constantly preoccupied with the search for shoes, gloves, clothing, aspirin tablets, and other simple everyday needs. On the other hand, there was tremendous activity in industrial construction, activity that was to develop into a veritable frenzy as the years went on. As one travelled round the country one found the hotels chronically overcrowded, always with the same type of visitors, mainly constructional engineers, holding conferences and studying blueprints. One met groups of non-Russian technicians, too, British engineers helping to install new machinery in a Moscow power station, American engineers engaged in the constructional work of the great hydro-electric station on the river Dnieper in the Ukraine.

The outcome of all this activity has been the transformation of backward agricultural Russia, in little over two decades, into the great industrial power whose war potential causes us much concern today. And if Russia's successful efforts at industrialisation have inspired fear outside her own borders, as they undoubtedly have, that same emotion is reflected strongly inside the Soviet Union itself. For it is certainly fear that has been the predominant urge behind the great industrialisation plans of the last twenty years—fear of the country's industrial weakness, extreme anxiety to repair that weakness before it is too late. This is what Lenin has to say on the subject: 'We shall economise on everything, even on schools. We have to do this, because we know that unless we save and re-establish heavy industry, we cannot build up any kind of industry at all, and without it we shall perish as an independent country'.

These are grave, not to say desperate, words for the head of a powerful nation to use, even if we make allowances for the circumstances in which they were spoken. At that time Russia had not long emerged from a series of events which had shaken her relatively undeveloped economy to its foundations. The strains of the first world war had been followed by the destructive events of the 1917 revolution. Then came the civil war, when the armies of the revolution and of their adversaries battled over the most vital industrial areas of the country, adding still further to the destruction of coal-mines, factories, and other industrial installations which had been brought about by the war. As if this were not enough, there followed drought and crop failures, and the land was swept with famine and plague which it is estimated cost millions of lives. It is doubtful whether any great country has ever been reduced to such a state of economic destitution as was Russia in the years between 1917 and 1921, with some sections of large-sca'e industry practically at a standstill, and agriculture functioning at a more fraction of its normal productivity.

By 1928 this extreme emergency had been left behind, and the level of production in Soviet industry and agriculture had been restored roughly to what it had been in 1913. But the note of urgency sounded by Lenin in the early days continued to characterise the utterances of Soviet leaders in later years. And the same fear which he had voiced continued to provide the driving force behind the vast schemes of industrialisation and defence preparations undertaken in the three five-year plans which ran from 1928 up to Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union in 1941. They were resumed in the fourth five-year plan which began in 1946 and was completed last year. As a result, the basic trends in Soviet industry have remained strikingly consistent during the past twenty-three years; unlike agriculture, where there have been sudden and violent changes in policy from time to time.

I would like to describe the most outstanding of these trends. In the first place, Russian policy has been directed with single-minded con-

centration on the business of building up heavy industry at all costs—just what Lenin said had to be done. So in each of the five-year plans by far the greater part of the funds available for investment has been directed into branches of industry serving the needs of production, leaving much less for the light industries which are mainly concerned with satisfying the needs of consumers. Recent figures, for example, show striking increases in production in industries working for industrial or defence needs, such as coal, oil, machine tools, equipment for heavy

metallurgy, sulphuric acid, synthetic rubber, industrial building materials such as cement and structural steel. In contrast with this, achievements in textiles, footwear, foodstuffs, and the like

remain very modest.

So all these successes for heavy industry have been secured in recent years, as in the years before the war, in one way or another at the expense of the Russian consumer, whose standard of living has been held down to a very low level. There is, indeed, no other way they can be secured, in a poor peasant country with a relatively backward economy, and with no financial help from abroad in the shape of large loans. For example, in the past few years, the additional resources poured into the engineering industries have simply meant that the textile mills got less spinning machinery, and so the consumer had to make do with fewer textiles. In the same way, industrial building materials were expanded at the expense of domestic housing, which continues, as it has done for many years, to lag far behind the needs of the population.

Apart from this obsession with heavy industry and with defence preparations, another consistent trend in Soviet industrial policy has been the movement of her basic industries towards the eastern parts of her own territories. At the beginning of the planned period, in-

dustry was concentrated very largely in European Russia, round Moscow and Leningrad, and in the famous Don Basin in the Ukraine. Now the picture is very different indeed. The output of coal from the relatively new coal basins has increased enormously—the Kuznetsk Basin, or Kuzbas in Southern Siberia, and at Karaganda in Kazakhstan. Steel production has risen steeply in the Urals and in Siberia and is still going up. The production of oil in the 'Second Baku', that is in the area between the Volga and the Urals, north of the Caspian Sea, has greatly outstripped production in the Caucasus which was for so long the main centre of production. The result of this is just what the Soviet planners have always wanted: instead of the old-established European industrial areas producing perhaps three-quarters or more of the country's total industrial output, the balance is tilting slowly but surely towards Siberia and the eastern Asiatic regions of the Soviet Union.

Another characteristic of Russian industrial development that has persisted throughout this entire period is the enormous amount of energy spent in endeavouring to increase the skill and productivity of the Russian worker. This is done in many ways. Apart from a great expansion of university and technical college education, there has grown up an extensive system of piece-rates and incentive bonuses, whereby effort and reward are related as closely and directly as possible. About three-quarters of Russian industrial workers benefit by these payments in one way or another. And so the 'spread' in wage-rates between the skilled and the unskilled worker is quite as wide in Russia as it is in any capitalist country. There is little or nothing left of the ideas of equality for all with which the revolution started.

The reasons for this particular trend are not far to seek. Like all backward agricultural countries, Russia has always been short of skilled workers, administrators, scientists, artisans, technicians. In face of the stupendous industrial task she has undertaken since 1928, this shortage threatened to become a famine, accentuated in the earlier years by the

suspicion of political unreliability which fell upon a large proportion of the workers trained in Tsarist days. During the planned period also, it was necessary to draw into industry many millions of new workers, mostly unskilled peasants, who were docile and willing enough, but completely untrained and lacking any tradition of industrial skill. For them, extensive training schemes backed by ceaseless propaganda and incentive wages were essential to improve their skill and raise their productivity.



Basic industries in Russia have been moving eastwards according to a deliberate plan: an electrical equipment plant in the Urals

Incentives are not the whole of the picture by any means. Sanctions have been applied too, in the shape of severe penalties for absenteeism and malingering, for turning out goods of inferior quality, for bad timekeeping. Social insurance benefits are manipulated so as to penalise the idle or unwilling worker. There are regulations which prevent the Russian worker from leaving his job without his employer's permission. In short, the Russian worker is subjected to a degree of discipline that would strike his western counterpart as being intolerably severe. Nor can he turn to his trade union for protection, for these bodies have long since been converted into administrative organs of the state.

Just what has been accomplished by the consistent application of these policies by the Soviet Government and the long-continued efforts and sacrifices of the people? Looking at Russia's industrial achievements between the start of her five-year plans in 1928, and Hitler's invasion of the country in 1941, one sees results that are no less than spectacular. Thousands of new factories, power stations and mines were built. Production of coal, iron, and steel was quadrupled, supplies of electrical energy multiplied by nearly seven. Industries came into being which had not existed in the country previously: those making lorries, tractors, machine tools, heavy

chemicals, plastics, jet planes, to mention only a few. Immense progress was made in the acquisition of industrial skills by the Russian people. Industries were redistributed geographically, with the strategic advantages of moving vital industries away from the vulnerable western areas, and with the economic benefits of making more rational use of raw material and transport resources.

One would expect to find in a country with such a record a satisfied and self-confident government and a prosperous people. On the contrary, however, the Russian people still live at a very low level of comfort, and the early anxieties of their rulers are far from being appeased. In a speech given by President Kalinin in 1940, while his country was still technically at peace, he described the Soviet Union as a 'beleaguered fortress' surrounded by 'unprincipled, irreconcilable enemies', and depending for its continued safety on 'constant vigilance, increased

armed forces, and improved discipline'.

This pronouncement provides the key to the situation by showing that Russia's leaders insist on measuring their country's achievements, not against the background of her own past, but against the level of industrialisation reached by western countries. By such a standard the situation is, indeed, very different. Before the outbreak of the recent war, the United States, which Russia has always taken as her model from the point of view of industry, produced twice as much pig-iron and coal, nearly three times as much steel and electric power, five times as much oil, more than four times as much cement. In such a vital industry as coal-mining, the productivity of the American worker was four times as high as that of the Russian worker, according to the figures quoted by the Russians themselves in their own press. Even our own small country, with a population only about one fourth of the U.S.S.R., produced larger absolute quantities than she did of coal, steel, electric power; and, of course, the level of skill among our industrial workers was and is far higher.

Since Kalinin spoke, Russia has endured the devastation of a war even more destructive than the first world war. Again, Russia's main industrial areas were invaded by armies using weapons whose fire-power had increased enormously in the interval. And this time there were added the losses due to the extensive evacuation of industry to the east, and to the adoption of the scorched earth policy. This involved deliberate destruction of industrial equipment and reserves by the Russians themselves, apart from the looting and destruction inflicted by the enemy. This tragic interruption cost Russia many years of industrial progress, and the published figures of the fourth five-year plan made it clear that by the end of the plan in 1950, Russia had barely reached the stage she would have reached by 1942 from the industrial point of yiew, had the war not intervened. So the gap between Russia and the advanced capitalist countries, which Russia's leaders have dreaded for so long, yawns as widely as ever, and they emphasise that unremitting efforts extending over several more five-year plans will be required before industry reaches what they consider to be a 'satisfactory' level.

This fear of her own industrial retardation, and the determination to 'catch up with' her neighbours, at whatever cost to her own people, has not come upon Russia suddenly, but has deep roots in her history. Peter the Great may be called the founder of Russian industry, and he started off in the early eighteenth century with shipyards, metallurgical works and textile factories, because he wanted to clothe and equip an army with which to fight his country's enemies, and he wanted to equip this army out of his own resources. To do all this he was prepared to inflict almost any sacrifices on the Russian people, being convinced that

the development of industry was essential for the safety and indeed for the survival of the country. So Lenin and those who came after him are in the direct line of succession, as far as economic thinking is concerned. The tragedies of the Crimean War in the middle of the nineteenth century, and of the Russo-Japanese War in the early years of the twentieth century, underlined Russia's industrial shortcomings, particularly in the capacity for munition making and in transport facilities. Again the rulers of the country were reminded that their land was dangerously inferior to its external enemies in industrial strength. The lesson was learned all over again in the terrible years of the first and second world wars.

The methods chosen by the present rulers of Russia to combat a situation which they, like their predecessors, believe to be so dangerous to their country's safety, have resulted in a total national output in industry which is truly impressive. Also, in spite of the secrecy in which all economic affairs are shrouded, it is obvious that much of this output is instantly available to provide the sinews of modern war in case of need. This remarkable result has been achieved only by subjecting the masses of the people to a discipline as harsh and rigid as any they have ever endured in their long history. In addition they have been systematically deprived of a reasonable present share in the fruits of their toil in favour of what is decreed to be their future security. It is indeed a misfortune for the Russian people that their rulers insist on interpreting this security in terms of the kind of industrialisation which imposes a sense of insecurity on the whole of the free world.

_Third Programme

A Settlement with Russia?

The Need for Western Solidarity

Bý LORD LAYTON

HAT are the prospects of the totalitarian countries and the countries of the free world reaching a state of mutual toleration? Is there a hope of peace between the east and west or is a third world war inevitable? This is the question of questions. But I doubt whether any of the speakers in this series will dare to give a dogmatic answer. Many of the factors which will decide it are hidden in the Kremlin. Others turn on unpredictable changes of public opinion in Asia, Africa, and America as well as in Europe. All one can do is to consider the probabilities and assess the chances for and against.

There have, in recent months, been some grounds for hope. For example, the Soviet Union has kept in the background in the Korean war. There is, of course, much to be said for getting someone else to do your fighting for you; but China has at best produced a stalemate, and there have been many moments in the last twelve months when it must have seemed in Moscow very tempting to intervene while the United States was deeply involved and western Europe unprepared. Yet she has held her hand. In choosing to fight the Korean war by proxy it may well be that the rulers of Russia have taken to heart the lessons of two world wars. Twice a great military power threw down a gage to a world which seemed disorganised and unready for battle. Twice Germany came up against the slow-moving but deep-seated resistance of nations determined to be free. Twice the vast resources of the U.S.A., when at last thrown in to the fight, finally turned the scale. Today, as the Korean war has shown, she is ready to resist aggression from the start. In 1939 the United States had only some 300,000 men under arms. Today she has more than 3,000,000. Stalin and his advisers may well prefer to attain their ends in Korea or elsewhere by other means than war.

But this does not mean that they have abandoned their hope of provoking a world revolution. There is no sign that the Soviet regime is being liberalised in any important respect or that the Iron Curtain is being lifted. It is true that Pravda was recently permitted—or instructed—to publish an article by Mr. Herbert Morrison setting out the case of the west, and both his articles and Pravda's answer were widely publicised throughout the world. But this kind of polemic, like that at Lake Success, leaves little permanent impression in minds that have no common background of fact on

which to base their opinions. Indeed, the arrest and conviction as a spy of Mr. Oatis, the representative of the American Press Association in Prague, will make the blackout more complete than ever. The charges against Mr. Oatis were that on instructions from his head office in New York he made enquiries about M. Clementis, the former Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia who was said to have left Prague; that he made arrangements to be kept informed of comings and goings at the airport, and that he reported the presence in Czechoslovakia of high personalities from Moscow. All this is the routine business of a world-wide news agency and was quite openly done by Oatis. But behind the curtain it is now regarded as spying and punishable with death. If it is spying to report anything that is not issued from a Government Office then Oatis was guilty; and, indeed, he said so after being held incommunicado in jail for seventy days. As the result of this trial no newspaper or news agency from the free world can risk sending a correspondent to countries where this doctrine is enforced. The last slender lines of communication between the peoples of eastern and western Europe are being cut.

This is really important. I am sure that the common man—and woman—in Russia, as everywhere else, only wants to be allowed to enjoy his life in peace—free from fear and want. But if he is kept in blinkers, cut off from any direct knowledge of what is happening elsewhere, and shown an utterly false picture of other nations' intentions his judgments will become distorted and his natural instincts overlaid with suspicion. It is equally true, if the free world is denied access to knowledge of what is going on behind the Iron Curtain, that public opinion about Russia will be a prey to rumours and alarms which may or may not be justified. So long as there is no common ground either of knowledge or of opinion between east and west, there is no place where the seeds of confidence can take root.

Bolting the door, however, does not mean that the communist world has withdrawn into isolation and is content to leave the rest of the world to its own way of life. On the contrary, the campaign of penetration from within goes steadily ahead. Along the whole wide periphery in Asia, Africa, and Europe the pressure of the cold war is kept up. So long as this continues, the division of the world into two hostile groups can in no way be eased. Nothing effective is being done to lead to a better understanding, suspicions are unabated, armaments

are piling up, and it would appear that only fear of the consequences prevents a state of barely veiled hostility from boiling over into a

shooting war.

The Korean episode showed us all how near we have been to disaster. It would be irresponsible and culpably negligent if we were to assume that because the worst did not happen over Korea, the crisis will not recur. That is why the question posed in these talks is the most important with which mankind is faced today. The answer is mainly in other hands than ours. But the consequences of a third world war are so appalling that we are bound to ask ourselves if there is anything we can do to keep war at bay; and, looking farther ahead, to relieve the present state of strain. There is general agreement that the only way to keep war at bay is to be so strong militarily that a would-be aggressor cannot hope to succeed. This is our first duty not only to ourselves but to future generations. But it is a deplorable conclusion to have to accept at this advanced state of the world's history. Rearmament on the scale that our situation demands is extremely costly; it will involve a setback in the standard of life in most of the countries involved; it will divert our best scientific brains from their proper function of furthering the betterment of mankind. It is a competition, too, which is much more difficult for democratic than for totalitarian countries; for under a parliamentary regime everything is disclosed, and deep popular conviction will be needed to sustain an effort which will be prolonged and will involve constant parliamentary debates. But we have no option. This bleak and disturbing prospect, however, lends added point to the second part of my questions. Can we do anything gradually to relieve the strain? I believe we can.

The rearmament of the free world may convince the communist world that the odds are against them in the ordeal by battle. It would be much more worth while if we could, at the same time, convince them that the western way of life is not an effete and decaying system but is one which with all its faults has at its base profound and eternal truths, which we are united to promote in peace and to defend in war. Totalitarian systems, both in their doctrine and even more forcefully in their inhuman methods, challenge the most fundamental human rights and freedoms for which during the centuries men have been prepared to suffer and die. The right of a man to think and act for himself subject only to the rule of law, to have a voice in the selection of the government and, if he so desires, to oppose it, the right to fair and open trial, to freedom from arbitrary arrest, to freedom of worship—

these are some of the concepts out of which civilisation has been born. Indeed, so deep seated are they that many of them appear in the Charter of the Soviet Union promulgated in the middle thirties. But the charter which gave them lip service has never been put into effect. By contrast, the fifteen democracies who are members of the Council of Europe have now taken steps to make their liberties more secure. They have signed a Convention which embodies the most vital of these rights and freedoms and makes it a matter of joint concern to see that they are respected in each of the fifteen states. When sufficient ratifications have been received, as they almost certainly will be within the next few months; the Convention will become the first statute common to all the members of the Council—of whom western Germany is one.

Growing solidarity is not confined to the political field; for the answer to communism is not complete unless freedom is accompanied by material progress. In this field, the Schuman Plan for coal and steel is designed to strengthen Europe's basic industries and so raise the standard of living. Work is going forward on a standard social security code for Europe, while the Colombo Plan and President Truman's Fourth Point are schemes for using the wealth of the richer countries to develop the more backward ones. These and many other steps that are being taken should serve to foster the moral and material

solidarity of the free peoples of the world.

But the pace is painfully slow and difficulties abound. The changes needed if the west is to attain its full strength are obstructed by nationalist influences, while the needs of the backward countries have to compete with the ever-growing demands of rearmament. Yet, in the long run, it is only actual proof of vigour, adaptability, and determination in the western world that will convince the communists that their dream of world revolution is an illusion to be achieved neither in peace nor by war. This is the frame of mind that at all costs we must create throughout the world. For then and then only can we expect the Soviet Union to comply with President Truman's Eight Conditions for a lasting peace. The most essential of these are that Russia should stop flouting the authority of the United Nations, cease supporting subversive movements in other countries and distorting the motives and actions of other peoples and governments, and stop violating fundamental human rights. Only on these terms is there any prospect of reaching agreement to reduce and limit armaments and to control atomic energy in the interests of peace. And unless in due time we reach that goal there is no hope for mankind.—European Service

Fugitives from Behind the Iron Curtain

By G. E. R. GEDYE

BOVE my head a Union Jack moved lazily on the evening breeze. At the other end of the thirty-yard bridge stood an emblem of that other world—a warrant officer and two men of the Red Army. Theirs it was to ensure that nobody fleeing from the Hungarian People's Democracy, eighteen miles away, could cross this stream which separates the Russian-occupied Austrian province of Burgenland from the haven of the British-held province of Styria. Thousands of Hungarians have lost liberty or life in the attempt. Trying not to over-dramatise this very ordinary bridge, I could not but realise the tremendous significance which a little trout stream had here attained beneath it. However, there was humour as well as drama on the bridge. I only asked the Russki', a crestfallen Austrian said to the gendarme, if I could take his photo. The Russki replied in his broken German: "I not your sister, you not my mother! No want your photo beside bed, you no need mine! Get out!"

This Austrian was lucky, the Russian boorishly good-humoured. Franz Schuster, who set out the previous Sunday to cross this demarcation line with a jolly coach-load bent on a day's tasting of the famous Burgenland wines, was out of luck. Austrians with valid papers are entitled to move freely between the zones. Finding the photograph from his tattered identity card, Schuster crossed back into the British zone. But a burst of twenty rounds from the Russian's sten gun landed him in Fürstenfeld hospital, where he lies today. Russian ruthlessness here springs from the determination to stop all who fail to appreciate the communist paradise in Hungary from reaching the

shelter of the Union Jack. During the previous three days I had been talking to some dozens of those who had succeeded. Among them were farm labourers and a field marshal, barons, builders' labourers, and a bus conductor. From time to time there are military deserters—two got across while I was around—among the fugitives. Since it is a cherished principle of Intelligence never to expose the extent of your knowledge nor what you are trying to find out, deserters' statements are always kept off the record. And for me to reveal the names of fugitives to whom I talked would mean savage reprisals on their relatives and anyone who had helped them. No names, no packdrill—and no prison cells or salt-mines.

The difficulty of escape is apparent from the carefully calculated estimates of how many succeed. About ninety per cent. of those who plan an escape are unsuccessful. Most are caught and sent to prison or forced labour. More rarely they are sentenced to death. Others are shot by the frontier guards. Anton Molnar, the last of seven who ten days earlier made a dash, for a change, over instead of beneath the wire, stepping on planks prepared in advance, was one—the fiftieth Hungarian to meet death while trying to flee to Austria. Others touch the trip-wire of a mine, like a former Budapest judge whose body, was found by Austrian gendarmes hanging in the wire, with both legs blown off. Even after surviving the perils of the minefields, the fugitive is not safe until he has traversed an eighteen-mile strip of Russian-occupied Austria. In violation of the instructions of their own Government to give asylum to all refugees, the Austrian gendarmes are ordered

by the Russians to arrest them. The Russians hand the unhappy refugees over to the Hungarian secret police, whom they encourage to function on Austrian soil. More than one Austrian gendarme, who has obeyed his Government in preference to the Russians, is in Siberia today.

On September 28, two young girls and a man tried to get through the exploding iron curtain, but touched off a mine. The man was left hanging in the wire, the two girls got through badly wounded. One, aged twenty-six, lost an eye. From the hospital where the Russians ordered the gendarmerie to guard them, the two girls escaped on October 2. They made their way by side roads to Vienna, and were put in an Austrian hospital in the American sector. Hungarian secret agents in 'Third Man' Vienna traced them there a fortnight later. They were promptly rushed out by air to safety in the west. The commandant of the local gendarmerie where they first escaped from hospital has been told by the Russians that unless he produces the persons responsible he will be arrested.

Penniless in a Dreary Haven

I have been hearing many such thrilling accounts of escapes in an inexpressibly dreary room in one of several huts, surrounded by barbed wire, near the town of Leibnitz. When a fugitive reaches British-occupied territory, he usually reports himself to the Austrian gendarmerie, or to one of our frontier detachments\of Field Security. In both cases he is rapidly transferred to this barbed-wire enclosure, which is actually the British-run quarantine station. Here he remains a fort-night to undergo political as well as medical screening. Patient interrogation of refugees over the past five years has built up a great fund of information, which facilitates the detection of communist spies sent over in the guise of fugitives. Most of the people I have been talking to are young peasants or workmen living near the frontier. Thanks to this, they had been able unobtrusively to study the layout of minefields, barbed wire, and the network of fox-holes where frontier guards lie concealed with their automatic weapons. There they sat, each on his little iron bedstead with its grimy straw-sack and three, threadbare army blankets, answering my questions. Others lay on their backs, staring into vacancy. They had come out as they were, bareheaded and in their working clothes, for even as much as an overcoat would have suggested preparations for flight. One could imagine what they must have suffered at home, to make them wear that smile of satisfaction at having arrived penniless in this dreary haven.

For ninety per cent, of the would-be fugitives, who do not live right on the frontier, the difficulties start long before the minefields. There are only five towns within easy reach of the latter—Szombathely, Sopron, Koeszeg, Koermend, and Szaint Gotthard. In these only it is possible to plan a crossing. But the Communist Government suspects the existence in them of Scarlet Pimpernel-or should one say of anti-Red Pimpernel—escape organisations. These towns are therefore barred to all non-residents—as is, indeed, a fifteen-kilometre-deep belt right along the frontier. The A.V.H.—these are the initials of the Hungarian words meaning State Security Department, or secret police—carry out frequent checks on all travellers to the area. Any non-resident unable to produce a documented reason for his journey is instantly arrested. But if you still have money, you may manage to contact an escapist group in Budapest which works through a corrupt captain of the communist secret police. Your relatives outside can contact an organisation in Vienna from which an unidentified Russian officer draws fat dividends. The current price for a guaranteed escape from Budapest to Austria is about £560 in Hungarian currency, 1,200 dollars, or sixty litres of rum-no other spirit, it seems, is acceptable. For this you are taken over anywhere in Hungary, and passed from guide to guide, the last one leaving you on the safe side of the mine-fields. Of course, while making the necessary enquiries, the risk of falling into a trap is very great. The whole journey is nerve-racking. No guide trusts or ever meets another. A strange guide simply comes along and picks you up from an agreed spot where another has hidden you several hours before. A false move may mean arrest or death at any stage.

The exploding curtain itself—400 kilometres long—consists of two parallel belts of barbed wire, each nine-feet deep and twelve-feet high. The intervening space is sown with specially sensitive Teller mines, attached to trip wires. Within each belt of wire is a chain of larger, oblong mines, attached to the fixed strands of barbed wire, as well as to almost invisible trip wires. At frequent intervals there are watch towers, twenty-seven feet high, on which are stationed frontier guards, equipped with automatic weapons and powerful torches capable of

picking out a man at a distance of 200 yards. Thus is the frontier apparently hermetically closed. And yet-an average of thirty to sixty persons still succeeds in getting through it each month, by simple or by devious means. There was the parish priest who made himself familiar to the frontier guards by constant visits to a cemetery close to the wire, ostensibly to identify graves of victims of the Nazis. Then, one day at noon, when he knew that all the A.V.H. men would be at the railway station inspecting travellers, he walked out of the churchyard, breviary in hand and a pair of wire cutters under his soutane, cut through the wire, had luck with the mines, which after many months' deterioration needed renewal, and landed safely in the British zone. I met an ex-officer of the Hungarian engineers, formerly a baron with an estate of 1,500 acres: he and his wife told me that for two months they had gone daily to an orchard near the mine-fields, ostensibly to buy apples, but actually to study the layout before escaping. I talked to a factory girl, employed in a frontier town, as she sat on her bed nursing her eight months' old baby. She had just got out with two other women, each with a child of five. Peasants had exploded the mines the night before, to give them a chance.

All these refugees know before they start their hazardous trip that little awaits them in Austria but endless hard work, probably under some avaricious Austrian peasant farmer. Only a few, with the aid of the International Relief Organisation, eventually reach the goal of their dreams, which lies always as far as possible from Europe. But, as one twenty-year-old law student told me: 'If it meant a lifetime's drudgery on some Austrian farm, we would still prefer it to what we have fled from'. If that be an exaggeration, this young man could at least advance as proof of his sincerity the variety of very unpleasant deaths he had faced in order to get here.

His words recalled the refrain of some verses I had read in Prague in March, 1938, while Austrian fugitives were fleeing across the frontier from the invading Gestapo. Written by some obscure refugee from the Nazis, the sentiments it expressed might well have been voiced by these refugees from Communism today:

'Our naked lives we've saved—is that so little? Or a great deal?'

-Home Service

Questions in a Wood

The parson to his pallid spouse,
The hangman to his whore,
Do both not mumble the same vows,
Both knock at the same door?

And when the fury of their knocks
Has waned, and that was that,
What answer comes, unless the pox
Or one more parson's brat?

Tell me, my love, my flower of flowers, True woman to this man, What have their deeds to do with ours Or any we might plan?

Your startled gaze, your restless hand, Your hair like Thames in flood, And choked voice, battling to command The insurgence of your blood:

How can they spell the dark word said Ten thousand times a night By women as corrupt and dead As you are proud and bright?

And how can I, in the same breath,
Though warned against the cheat,
Vilely deliver love to death
Wrapped in a rumpled sheet?

Yet, if from delicacy of pride We choose to hold apart, Will no blue hag appear, to ride Hell's wager in each heart?

ROBERT GRAVES

The Process of Evolution-IV

The Development of Mental Activity

By JULIAN HUXLEY

NE of the most famous passages in Paradise Lost begins with the lines:

Hail, holy light, offspring of Heav'n first-born

Or of th'eternal coeternal beam.

Milton was right in apostrophising light, one of the wonders of existence; but he was wrong in assuming that it had existed from all eternity. Light, in any proper sense of the word, did not come into existence before there were animals with eyes. The issue has been confused by the unfortunate habit of the physicists of appropriating common words from the vocabulary of human life, and using them for their own very different purposes. For a biologist, light can only mean a kind of awareness, a mental experience: for him, it is a misuse of terms to employ it to denote radiations in the outer world. Photic radiations, if you like; but light, no.

Relations of Mind and Matter

Milton's very natural mistake about light immediately poses the tremendous philosophical problems of relations between mind and matter. I want to treat this as a biologist—that is to say I shall look at it not as something static, but as a relationship which has developed over aeons of evolutionary time. For this purpose, colour is a better illustration than just light. In the first place, colour, like all experience, is an experience of qualities. There is a qualitative difference between the sensation of red and the sensation of blue. That is a fact of experience: but you cannot explain the difference to a blind man who has never had the experience. Again, like all experience, it is a joint product of a complicated transaction—a transaction between photic radiations, sense-organs for picking up these radiations and translating them into nerve-impulses, nerves for transmitting these impulses, and finally a particular part of the brain for translating these into the particular kind of experiences we call colour. But all the elements in the transaction, except the last, are purely quantitative. The radiations which eventually give rise to different colour-sensations differ only in their intensity and their wave-lengths. The impulses which travel up to the brain along the nerves are of an electrical nature and differ only in their time-relations, such as their frequency, and in their intensity. But in the brain, these purely quantitative differences in electrical pattern are translated into wholly different qualities of sensation. The miracle of mind is that it can transmute quantity into quality. This property of mind is something given: it just is so. It cannot be explained: it can only be accepted. But we can study the way in which the mind-matter relation changes during the process of evolution.

Let me map out the course I shall pursue in this lecture. I shall begin by stating the problem in evolutionary terms. Life has two aspects, a material and a mental. Its mental aspect increases in importance during evolutionary time. Later animal deployments have reached a higher level of mental organisation than earlier ones: the higher animals have a larger mental component in their make-up. This fact leads to an important conclusion—that mind is not a pale epiphenomenon, not a mere 'ghost in the machine', to use Professor Ryle's phrase, but an operative part of life's mechanism. For no evolutionary trend can be maintained except by natural selection, and natural selection can only work on what is biologically useful to its

Mental activity is intensified and mental organisation improved during evolution: like bodily organisation, it is improved in different ways in relation to different needs. This improvement of mental organisation I shall illustrate from the field of awareness—what knowledge an animal has of the outer world, and how that knowledge is

organised.

Most trends in mental organisation were specialisations for a particular way of life, and eventually came to a dead end. However, one particular trend was progressive, and led to the final emergence of mind as the most important property of its possessors. This was the line in which experience became organised in the form of verbal concepts, and it resulted in the deployment of man as the latest dominant type in evolution.

That is the broad line of the evolutionary argument. It remains to define it more accurately and pursue it in more concrete detail. To begin with, the basic datum of our life is experience. During our existence we pass through a series of experiences—perceiving, feeling, knowing, willing. All of them are, in the broad sense in which I am using the word, mental activities. Let us be clear at the outset: there is really no such thing as 'mind'. Mind is not an entity in its own right, and our minds are not little separate creatures inhabiting our skulls. So it is much better to speak of 'mental activities', though 'mind' may often be useful as a shorthand term to denote mental activities in general.

Mental activity, as the past hundred years of research have clearly shown, is tied in with cerebral activity. It only goes on in conjunction with brains, and only with brains that are working properly. Secondly, mental activity becomes more intense, more varied, and better organised in each human individual during his or her development. Think of the mind of a man as against that of a child, the mind of a child as against that of a new-born infant. And in the microscopic ovum from which the infant originally grew, we can detect no trace of mental activity whatever. It also becomes more intense, more varied and better organised in living substance during evolutionary time. Think of the mental capacity of a human being as against that of a dog, the mental capacity of a dog as against that of a fish: in a worm, mental activities are barely detectable, and in various bacteria there is no trace of them at all, any more than in a chemical reaction. Further, as we have seen, mental capacities are always concerned with qualities, never merely with quantities. The sensation of seeing is a different kind of thing from the sensation of hearing; and all sensations are qualitatively different from emotion or understanding. Pain is not merely less pleasure or negative pleasure: it is a different sort of experience altogether.

For a biologist, much the easiest way is to think of mind and matter as two aspects of a single, underlying reality—shall we call it world substance, the stuff out of which the world is made. At any rate, this fits more of the facts and leads to fewer contradictions than any other view. In this view, mental activities are among the inevitable properties of world substance when this is organised in the form of the particular kind of biological machinery we call a brain. The electrical properties of living substance provide us with a useful analogy. We now know that all activities in the body are accompanied by electrical changes—but changes so minute that they were only detected when special instruments were invented during the nineteenth century. All living substance, indeed all substance, inorganic as well as organic, has electrical properties, and all its properties have an electrical aspect. But these minute electrical changes can be intensified and utilised for biological ends. In nervous tissue they are utilised to transmit messages within the body: and a few fish possess organs for intensifying them to such a degree that they can be used to give dangerous electric shocks. I find myself driven to assume that the analogy with mind holds good -in other words that all living substance has mental, or we had better say mind-like, properties; but that these are, for the most part, far below the level of detection. They could only be utilised for biological ends when organs were evolved capable of intensifying them. These organs are certain specially developed parts of brains. It is by means of them that mind emerges as an operative factor in evolution.

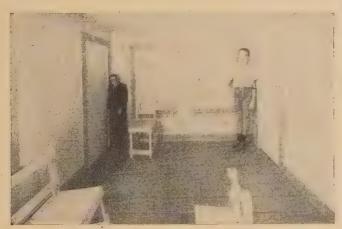
Materialism is an Erroneous Survival

The evolutionary approach brings out another important point about mind. Granted that natural selection is the only effective agency for producing change in biological evolution, a high degree of mental activity and mental organisation could only have come into being if it was of biological advantage to its possessors. This at one stroke overthrows all theories of materialism, for they deny the effective reality of mind, or reduce it to a mere fly on the material wheel. Thus, for the modern biologist, the dialectical materialism that provides the philosophical basis for Marxist communism is an erroneous survival from days before the principles of evolution were properly understood.

This does not mean that we should neglect the material aspect. We

shall get nowhere without intensive study of physiology and material structure and observable behaviour: but unless we combine this with introspection and deduction from subjective experience, we shall not get very far, as the fate of the Behavourist movement shows. The metaphysician may persist in asking whether colour is something which inheres in external nature, or merely exists in the mind. The biologist is not interested in colour in this way. He is concerned with the fact that new kinds of experience, like light and colour, come into existence during evolution, and that they then can affect its subsequent course.

Colour and pattern have rather different functions in the animal's awareness. The pattern that an animal sees is in some sort a representation of the actual form of an external object. But colour is utilised mainly to detect differences within patterns. This it does by turning quantitative differences in the object (and in the patterns of nerveimpulses) into qualitative differences in awareness. A pattern of red and green that ought to mean something important to a railway signalman may, if the signalman is colour-blind, be perceived as a mere grey uniformity. However, once colour arrived upon the evolutionary stage, it became biologically significant. Colour-vision in one organism generates colour in others. Flowers develop distinctive colours to attract bees; wasps develop their black and yellow stripes to warn enemies of their stings; the partridge develops camouflage to escape detection by the hawk; the peacock develops brilliant plumage to stimulate his mate.



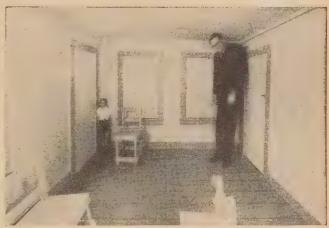
New levels of mental organisation thus involve new kinds of experiences; but they also issue in new kinds of observable behaviour. Behaviour is always the result of a flow of something—what many psychologists and most laymen call nervous energy. Unfortunately, the physiologists are driven to say excitation, because energy is another word the physicists have taken over from ordinary speech and given a restricted scientific meaning. Perhaps we need a new term.

Knowledge of the material processes going on in the brain may also help in understanding the evolution of mind. There is increasing agreement that one very special kind of nervous organisation is of great importance—the organisation in the cerebral cortex of large groups of nerve-cells and their connecting outgrowths into self-reinforcing circuits of excitation. Circuits of this sort are arrangements for maintaining an organised flow of excitation through the cortex, on its way to become translated into organised behaviour. If they are interfered with, it seems that various disturbances arise, like pain and fear; while pleasure and what we may call integrative emotions, like love, are linked up with the maintenance or increase of their organised flow. Pain is thus in its origin a by-product of nervous structure: but, as I shall later point out, it can subsequently be utilised as part of the machinery of learning.

But I must pass on from the physiology of behaviour to the emergence of mental structure. The fact of mind's emergence may be simply demonstrated from the actual behaviour of a few animals. Consider first Paramecium, the microscopic slipper animalcule—that compulsory study for every elementary student in biology. Its normal existence merely consists in swimming onward in a spiral path. It does not actively pursue its food, but simply sweeps bacteria into its gullet as it swims. Now and again, however it checks its advance, backs, turns a little, and then continues in a new direction. This so-called avoiding réaction is executed whenever the animal meets with unfavourable conditions, such as water which is not of the right degree of acidity

for bacteria to grow in, and it repeats it until it finds itself in favourable conditions. This behaviour is mere trial and error, and neither learning nor purposive direction is involved. Paramecium must be in some way aware of the difference between more acid and less acid water, but this is the only sort of awareness we have any right to ascribe to it.

Euglena is another single-celled organism, which swims in a spiral advance, but it has a little rudiment of an eye, a spot of pigment over a patch of specially light-sensitive substance. And so it is capable of what is broadly called a tropism; it directs its swimming in relation to the direction of the light that falls upon it. It has a primitive awareness of light, and it finds its way into the most favourable parts of its environment by utilising this awareness, and not only by trial and error. The



An experiment used at the Psychology Department of Princeton University to illustrate the limitations of perception. Above: a specially constructed room so tilted that a six-foot man is made to seem three bimes as tall as his five-foot son. Left: the same room with the positions reversed so that the son is made to appear much taller than the father

From Life International. Copyright Time Inc. 1951

behaviour of an earthworm is much more complicated. An earthworm is capable of a number of reflex actions, each resulting from some different awareness—awareness of light, of chemical stimuli, of touch and pressure. And finally it has some capacity for learning. If confronted with two alternative pathways, it can learn to choose the one which leads to a more favourable result. That is a very limited kind of learning; but still it is learning. Finally, let me jump from worms to mammals. A rat can learn to run through a maze with a dozen turnings. And we all know how elaborate the behaviour of a dog can be. In doglife, mind has certainly emerged as a major factor.

But the evolutionary biologist is concerned more with the description of processes than the demonstration of facts. He wants to understand something of the way in which the dual-aspect system of mind and behaviour evolves; of how mental organisation is specialised and improved during evolution. However, this is an enormous subject, and all I can do is to illustrate it by way of examples from the organisation of animals' awareness, in a broad and perhaps rather loose sense of the word. In the first place, the range of awareness may be increased. This is achieved by the improvement of different receptor organs. They are the windows, so to speak, letting in different kinds of awareness of different parts of reality. Vision lets in movement and shape and distance; smell and taste let in chemical properties; touch lets in a knowledge of what is in immediate contact with the body; sound is used as an indicator of the distant presence of something significant—enemy, or prey, or mate. An electrical sense is exceedingly rare; it is confined to a few fish which find their way about by means of electrical signals that they send out.

Many phenomena of nature have never entered into the effective world of animals because there were no sense-organs to receive them. There are no animals with an awareness of X-rays or radio waves or magnetic fields: that had to wait for the construction of artificial sense-organs by scientific man. In any particular animal, the performance of receptor organs—the kind of phenomena they admit—is a restricted one. It is partly restricted by the nature of living substance: thus the long electro-magnetic waves of radio simply pass through living substance and its secretions without affecting them, so that it would be impossible

to construct a radio receptor organ out of such materials. Then awareness may be organised by relating the *quality* of a sensation to the needs of the animal. Thus, to put the matter rather crudely, sweet things taste nice because sugars are an abundant and valuable source of food. Lead acetate, which does not exist as such in the natural environment, also tastes sweet, but it is a poison. We can be pretty sure that if it had been as common as sugar, and sugar as rare as lead acetate, sweet things would have tasted nasty.

Then the range of a sensation may be restricted, so that only a few significant events come to the notice of the animal. Thus, the smelling organs in the elaborately branched antennae in certain kinds of male moths, while incredibly acute in detecting the smell of a female of the same species, seem to be unresponsive to every other kind of smell. The sense which is most in need of restriction is that of vision: it would merely be confusing if an animal were to pay attention to all the visible changes going on in its environment. One of the ways in which this restriction is accomplished is by building into the brain special channels of flow which let through certain patterns much more readily than others.

Nature of 'Releasers'

Such patterns of sensory awareness are called releasers, because they conduct the flow of excitation through the brain, to release a specific pattern of behaviour; they are keys to unlock certain doors of action. They are found in relation to all the senses, but vision provides the best examples. Here I have space for only one—the crouching reaction which young game-birds practise, even at their first sight of a hawk overhead. It seemed difficult to account for this without appealing to some sort of Lamarckian inheritance of racial experience—until it was shown that the reaction could be produced by a crude model, in the shape of a four-armed star with one very blunt and one rather long arm. When this is towed overhead with the blunt arm forward, it makes a rough representation of a hawk in flight, with its long tail and short neck: whereas when the model is towed with the sharp end forward, the resemblance is rather to a flying duck than a hawk, and elicits no crouching reaction from the young game-birds. Sounds too have no effect. The releaser key, in this case, thus includes direction of movement as one of its necessary wards; but no detailed resemblance to a hawk is required.

Releaser mechanisms are built into the animal by heredity; and they can only relate it to its environment in rather a crude way, and one which can easily become misleading. It is no accident that the only definite releaser known in man is the pattern made by a mother's smile to her infant. For more accurate adjustment, the animal must build up its patterns of awareness out of its own individual experience. I will give only one example—our own perceptions. These are not, as is often thought, snapshot pictures of reality projected into our minds, but quite elaborate mental constructions.

People who recover their sight after being blind from infancy have to learn, by a long and tedious process, to build distinguishable objects and forms out of the kaleidoscopic patchwork which is all that they at first discern. For a long time, they cannot even distinguish triangles from circles except by tracing their outlines with their fingers. A combination of data from the senses of sight and touch is needed for putting the three dimensions of space into any perceptions. A baby spends a large part of its existence in constructing, out of the crude sensory experiences of handling, touching, looking, the three-dimensional world of objects in which it will later live. The same thing holds with animals like chimpanzees, as is demonstrated by the fact that they can be taken in by the same illusions as we. However, their spatial world is not exactly like ours—for instance, they cannot learn to see whether a mechanical construction is stable or not. They will pile boxes on each other to get at a banana hung from the ceiling; but they never seem to acquire any insight as to whether the pile of boxes will stand. To get it to stand, they have to work by trial and error.

The same sort of building-up process goes on in all higher vertebrates, although the elaborateness of the construction varies a great deal. Thus, a horse is unable to bring its sensations of touch and vision together in the same way as a monkey or a man; and so the objects which it constructs in its perceptual world are not nearly so well defined. This seems to be the reason why horses shy at a heap of stones by the roadside. They do not perceive it as a heap of stones in the same way as we do, but merely as something unfamiliar. In passing, it is worth noting that certain insects, like ants, must be able to construct perceptions of a quite different nature from anything of which

we have experience. They feel and smell objects at one and the same time with the aid of one and the same organ—their antennae. Objects for them must be smells with shapes.

Our perceptions are thus based on a mass of assumptions derived from what we have learnt by experience. This is why it is easy to construct illusions. They introduce false assumptions, which then make you alter your total perception. There are, of course, many other kinds of learning mechanisms. The most obvious is based on a combination of pain with a conditioned reflex. Such a combination is a mechanism for avoiding harmful stimuli and ensuring the efficacy of useful ones. Professor Young's famous octopus learnt very quickly not to try to eat crabs after an electric shock had been associated with one or two attempts. The two parts of the arrangement are brought together in a special piece of nervous machinery, for when a particular part of the brain is cut out, the octopus will attack a crab over and over again, even if it gets a painful electric shock each time. Here we see how pain can be transformed from a by-product of physiology, into an effective agency of behaviour. On the other hand, sometimes the transformation is not readily possible, and then pain is not utilised in this way. Even severe damage will not cause pain in an organ which is not normally exposed to that kind of damage. Thus the tissue of the brain can be cut without any trace of pain.

Here I must mention one recent discovery, made by the German biologist, Professor Rensch—the fact that increased body-size is correlated with increased learning capacity; of two closely similar animals, like a raven and a jackdaw, the bigger will learn better, though the learning process takes longer. The chain of causation here is as follows. Increased final size of the cerebral cortex is brought about by its growing at a faster rate than the rest of the brain. So an absolutely larger brain will have a relatively as well as an absolutely larger number of cells in its cortex. A larger number of cortical cells makes more elaborate learning possible: but more elaborate learning takes longer time. It is interesting to note that this holds not only for birds and mammals but for beetles as well. This fact is of great interest, for it helps to explain the biological value of mere bulk—why so many lines of so many different deployments have tended to increase in size during their evolution.

It seems to be a general rule that the greater the complexity of what can be learnt, the longer is the time taken to learn it. The human infant can learn to recognise extremely complicated shapes, but takes several years to do so. A rat, it seems from the latest experiments, cannot, or at least does not normally, learn to recognise even such a simple shape as a triangle. But what it does learn about the spatial relations of its environment, it learns very quickly.

Insects and Instincts

In evolution, the great divergence as regards the organisation of awareness is between insects and vertebrates. The insects rely much more on patterns built in by heredity, the vertebrates much more on patterns built up out of learning and individual experience, which means that their behaviour can become much more flexible. Higher insects emerge from the pupa stage with their instincts fully formed and ready to come into action; all that experience can do is to adjust the performance of their instinctive actions to the immediate situation. Vertebrates, on the other hand, largely build their own behaviour, and the more complicated its organisation, the longer is the period of learning required. It is no accident that higher mammals pass through a longer period of dependence than any other animals, during which they learn the skills needed for adult life by experience and practice and play. Monkeys have a longer learning period than other mammals, apes a longer period than monkeys, and man the longest learning period of any organism. In other words, during the vertebrates' evolution, mental organisation acquires a time dimension. Mental structure in insects hardly grows or develops at all; in higher mammals it grows rapidly and transforms itself radically until the adult phase is reached; and even after that slow growth may continue. And in human beings, mental structure may continue to develop throughout life, even up to old age—we need only think of Verdi or Titian. This increased capacity for incorporating experience in mental structure is naturally correlated with a trend to longer life. Once more, it is no accident that insects rarely live more than a year. Even when they live longer it is the grub-stage which is prolonged: the adults' mental structure is still short-lived. This contrast comes to a head in the mayfly, which lives as larva for years, but as adult only for a day.

It is equally no accident that higher mammals on the whole live longer than lower types, and that their life-span and their continuous mental development may extend over decades. This links up with another important subject—the role of communication and language in evolution.

The Austrian biologist, Von Frisch, has unearthed the secrets of the language of bees, and most extraordinary they are, enabling the animals to signify to their fellows the type, abundance, distance, and direction of a source of nectar or pollen. But bee language differs from human language or any communication system found in higher mammals in two ways: it does not have to be learnt, and it is for adults only. It does not have to be learnt because bees have no learning period: their language, like their instincts, has to be ready-made; it has to consist of genetically-determined releasers, releasing genetically-determined reactions. And it is for adults only, because the young bees are mere limbless eyeless grubs, with which no real communication is possible. Human language, on the other hand, has its roots in the need for communication between individual parent and individual offspring in higher mammals, where there is a long period of dependence. When the father as well as the mother is drawn into the business of caring for the young, the unit of communication becomes the family: and where, as in apes, the family becomes the extended family group, communication becomes a comprehensive social function, at one and the same time an instrument for education, a vehicle of love, and an organ of group solidarity. This, at any rate, seems to have been the method by which the distinctive human system of communication actually arose.

I must just mention emotional states, which have two rather different functions in evolution. They may serve to reinforce drives to action; or they can indicate to other individuals what action to expect. Darwin wrote a fascinating book on this latter aspect—The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals. A cat expresses its state of anger and fright by arching its back, bristling its fur, spitting and snarling and baring its teeth. The snarling and the baring of teeth are what the biologist calls 'intention movements'-a half-way house to a particular kind of action that is in preparation. But the arched back and bristling fur may be called enhancers: they simply make the cat look more formidable. The intention movements have been utilised to let an enemy know what to expect if he attacks; the enhancers are a bit of bluff which serves to make him think twice. Sometimes the bluff has evolved at the expense of the reality. Some male lizards, when confronted with a rival, compress themselves so as to look nearly twice their normal height, and add to the effect by erecting a bright-coloured crest along the back. But they do not seem to get angry, and they hardly ever actually fight.

An Experiment with Jackdaws

One final example, from the work of Professor Lorenz in Austria. Tackdaws express submission to other jackdaws by bending down and exposing their most vulnerable part, the back of the head, to the beak of a rival. The effect is enhanced by the pale-grey patch on the vulnerable spot. The result is to inhibit the rival's aggressive instinct, and he then does not attack. The result is that a stable order of rank and social position is established in jackdaw society with the minimum of fighting. The attainment of a high degree of complexity in behaviour often has unexpected by-products and consequences. Higher vertebrates are capable of doing all sorts of things which they never actually do in their normal lives. Here is one surprising example. Some birds at least have a number sense and can count up to six or more, though they seem never to exercise that faculty in nature. Professor Otto Kochler set jackdaws the problem of taking a definite number of peas out of a series of boxes. Usually they mastered this problem fairly easily, but sometimes they made mistakes: and one jackdaw realised his mistake. He ought to have taken six peas-two out of the first box, then none, one, two and one. He went back to his cage after taking only five. But then he suddenly came back and counted out his task by bowing his head the right number of times in front of each box. When he got to five, he went on to the next box and picked up and ate the pea he had forgotten. The main reason why men can count better than jackdaws is that they have invented symbols as tools to count with, in place of merely repeating physical gestures.

An even more relevant example is that of the higher apes. Chimpanzees are capable of behaving in many human ways if they are placed in human situations. They enjoy the learning of all kinds of tricks, like driving a miniature motor-car, or riding a one-wheeled cycle. Indeed, the more difficult the trick the more they seem to enjoy performing it.

They enjoy tobacco and alcohol, though they never could do this in nature. They can develop irrational fears and phobias. They can become a prey to mental illness, not only to neurosis but also psychosis. In this and many other ways they foreshadow human possibilities—both good and bad. But these possibilities were never realised in nature, because their mental organisation had not undergone the final step of improvement. Apes have constructed for themselves a spatial world very nearly like ours; they sometimes show real insight; they have even organised some of their experience into concepts. But they have not yet built a symbolic world. For that, there was needed the enlargement of the association areas of the cerebral cortex.

In man's mental organisation the two crucial novelties are speech and the creation of a common pool of organised experience for a group. I shall return to them later. Let me first remind you of a few of its other unique properties. Man is the only organism habitually subjected to mental or emotional conflict. He is therefore the only one which has to practice what the Freudians call repression; but also the only one who is constantly making conscious choices. He is the only organism which has a conscience, a felt sense of right and wrong. On the other hand, a conscience is not something given readymade, whether by heredity or divine implantation. Like every other part of our minds, it is a piece of mental machinery, constructed by the young child to meet the ambivalent situation that confronts it in its early years. The situation is the co-existence in one person —the mother or some efficient mother-substitute—the co-existence of authority which is resented, and tender care which is sought and loved. If this situation is absent, as in infants brought up in impersonal institutions, conscience fails to develop, just as chlorophyll fails to develop in plants raised in the dark, and the children grow up amoral.

Man's Power of Abstraction

On the other hand, because a man is the only organism with the power of abstraction and generalisation, he alone can have a sense of right or wrong in the abstract, or an idea of ultimate ends, or any notion of values. And I am not forgetting that evil and guilt and sin are among the unique properties of our species, just as much as goodness or grace or virtue. We build our own mental organisation from the ground up in a way that no animal does. The resulting constructions are exceedingly varied. In fact, there is really no such thing as the normal man, since there is no single norm, no blue-print for the mental buildings that men construct. Man has the possibility of integrating his constructions into harmonious wholes: though even then they will differ in their styles. But they are often no more than an ugly or unhandy collection of shacks. To abandon metaphor, man often fails to reconcile his intellectual and emotional conflicts in any sort of integrated unity. When there is too little integration, a man is so far from adjustment to reality as to deserve to be called mad. We must not forget that madness, like evil, is another unique general property of the human species.

This brings me to something more concrete. In man alone do we find experiences and activities purposefully pursued and developed for their own sakes. A kitten plays and obviously enjoys playing: but in cat-life there are no organised sports, like ski-ing or football, nor have cats deliberately devised games with arbitrary rules. Some animals seem to experience a feeling which deserves to be called awe; but only man has a sense of the sacred, to use Professor Otto's phrase, and only man organises religions around that sense. Some animals certainly have a dim appreciation of beauty: but only man deliberately creates beauty and ardently pursues it. In the most general terms, by-products of animal life have become ends in the life of man. Then a very important point: man is the only organism to be able to think of things in their absence, or at any rate to do so effectively and habitually. He alone possesses the faculty of imagination, or can grasp, in a single act of experience, partly subconscious and partly conscious, a complex situation involving facts and ideas, emotions and judgments, the past and the present and the imagined future.

But I must return to man's two major uniquenesses: his languages and his common pools of experience. Man's language is unique in consisting of words—words for things and ideas instead of sounds or actions signifying a situation. Words, in fact, are symbols instead of signs. They are artificial constructions, tools for dealing more efficiently with the business of existence; so that language is properly speaking a branch of technology. Words are tools for thinking. Chimpanzees can

(concluded on page 794)

NEWS DIARY

October 31-November 6

Wednesday, October 31

Mr. W. S. Morrison (Conservative) elected Speaker by a majority of sixty-seven

Further Government appointments announced. Lord Cherwell, the Paymaster-General, charged with supervision of atomic energy research

Truce sub-committee hears new proposal from Communists for fixing a cease-fire line in Korea

Thursday, November 1

General Erskine, British Commander in Egypt, says that about one-third of the Service families in the Suez Canal zone will have to return home

New Members of Parliament sworn in Princess Elizabeth visits Mount Vernon

Friday, November 2

Reinforcements flown from Libya to the Canal zone

Mr. Harriman, President Truman's special adviser, sees Mr. Eden, the new Foreign Secretary, in London

Further Government appointments announced. Miss Florence Horsbrugh appointed Minister of Education

Saturday, November 3

British authorities in Suez Canal zone expel Egyptians for intimidating workers. Mr. Nehru makes statement about British relations with Egypt

Lionel Heald, K.C., appointed Attorney-General. Sir Walter Monckton makes first speech as Minister of Labour

Sunday, November 4

Mr. Eden arrives in Paris to lead the British delegation to the United Nations

Part of Third Infantry Division embarks on aircraft carriers for the Middle East. More troops arrive in Suez Canal zone by air

Admiral Fechteler, U.S. Chief of Staff for Naval Operations, arrives in London for talks

Monday, November 5

Western Powers place on agenda of U.N. General Assembly question of unification of Germany

General Eisenhower sees President Truman in Washington

Mr. Attlee receives O.M.

Tuesday, November 6

Parliament opens. Lord Chancellor reads the King's Speech.

President Auriol opens sixth session of General Assembly of United Nations in Paris.

Mr. Eden, Mr. Acheson and M. Schuman meet at French Foreign Office



Security precautions in the Suez Canal zone: British troops searching the passengers of a bus for firearms at a check point. No serious incidents have occurred in the Canal zone during the past week, and troop reinforcements are arriving continuously by sea and air



The Festival Gardens and Fun Fair at Battersea closed on Saturday night. The photograph shows the display of fireworks which formed part of the closing ceremony. Over 8,000,000 visitors have visited the Gardens during the Festival season



Mr. W. S. Morrison, who was last week elected Speaker of the House of Commons

Right: built for ironstone quarrying—a giant grab which can remove twenty-seven tons of earth at a 'bite'. The machine, demonstrated at Corby, Northamptonshire, recently, is 175 feet high and 'walks' with seven-foot strides





from the Quai d'Orsay of the floodlit Palais de Chaitlot, Paris, where h Assembly of the United Nations opened on November 6, Mr. Anthony Eden is leading the British delegation.

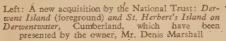


H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, on November 2, the last day of the royal couple's visit to Washington, presenting an eighteenth-contary overmantel and two candelabra for the redecorated White House—gifts from the King to President Truman. After the presentation Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Ediabungh returned by air to Montreal. On Monday they started on the final stage of their tour of Canada: they are to visit the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland





American troops watching the explosion of an atom bomb in the Nevada desert on November 1. It was the first time that troops had taken part in an exercise of this kind, the object of which was to test the result of an atomic explosion on a battlefield





A photograph taken in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, when the interior with its magnificent fan waulting was floodlit on two nights last week

(continued from page 791)

construct some sort of concepts; but conceptual thought only became efficient and productive with the aid of proper tools, in the shape of verbal symbols. Like all tools, words need skill for their use. Language is thus not merely a collection of words, but an elaborate technique. It is in fact the most complicated kind of skill in existence. The language of bees is a wonderful product of evolution; but in comparison with any human language it is as elementary as a mousetrap compared with a power station, or a primitive abacus as compared with an electronic calculating machine.

Words may be good or bad tools; some outgrow their usefulness, others have to be invented to fill new needs. But the detailed imperfections of words must not blind us to the unique value of words in general. Readers of Helen Keller's autobiography will remember the moving passage when the little deaf and dumb creature suddenly realised that, as she put it, 'everything has a name'. This was her first revelation of the meaning of things, it freed her from the prison of her frustrated and under-developed selfhood, and rapidly admitted

her to a share in the possibilities of human existence.

Verbal language is certainly the greatest technical invention of living substance. It enables human beings to communicate and share with each other, and in so doing, it automatically gives rise to the second major uniqueness of man-a common pool of experience for a group. This is not a pool in the sense of a static water tank. It is something which can grow and develop. The pooled experience is organised, and its organisation changes and evolves with time.

Nothing of the sort exists in any other organism. It provides a new kind of environment for life to inhabit. It needs a name of its own: following Père Teilhard de Chardin, the French paleontologist and philosopher, I shall call it the nöosphere, the world of mind. As fish swim in the sea and birds fly through the air, so we think and feel our way through this collective mental world. Our life is a voyage of exploration through its vast and varied landscape; as with all other kinds of exploration, hard work and passion and discipline are needed for success. Each one of us can only explore a limited area in any detail, but we can arrive at an idea of the whole, just as we can have an idea of the earth as a globe without physically journeying over all its surface. Only by exploring it and utilising its resources can a man achieve the dual task of building a self and transcending the self that he has built. It is a world of possibilities, not merely of actualities. Though jackdaws do not usually practise the elementary mathematical art of counting, their mental organisation makes it possible for them to do so when the opportunity is provided. In the same sort of way, primitive man did not practise higher mathematics. He did not even dream of its possibility: but it was an inherent potentiality of his mental organisation. The difference between man and bird is that abundance of time was needed for its realisation, as well as opportunity.

The great complexity of human mental organisation gives it an enormous range and depth of new consequential possibilities. And evolution in the human phase is essentially the adventurous and stormy story of the emergence of even more of these possibilities into actuality.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Audience Research

Sir,-Mr. E. M. Forster concedes the possibility of ascertaining whether or not listeners liked a broadcast, even though this involves counting. 'If Audience Research confined itself to this', he says, 'it would remain on firm ground'. Mr. Forster goes on to say, however, that 'no counting apparatus can deal' with reasons appended to a voting paper. I am sure Mr. Forster did not mean that counting the number of people who give this or that reason for an opinion is any more difficult than counting the number of people who hold this or that opinion. I take his statement to mean that such a process, though possible, is meaningless.

But surely the meaningfulness of counting opinions, or reasons for opinions, depends upon the significance attached to the result. If after performing these operations Audience Research claimed that the result was a measure of a broadcast's intrinsic quality, of its value, if you like, 'in the eyes of God', then indeed the product would be without significance. But it cannot be said too emphatically that Audience Research makes no such claim. It would be grossly improper for it to do so. The sole purpose of studying the frequency with which certain opinions are held and with which one reason or another is advanced to justify these opinions, is to supply the B.B.C. with information about the impact of its programmes.

Granted this purpose, how does Mr. Forster justify his differentiation between simple appreciation ('I like it' or 'I do not like it'), which he admits is legitimate, and complex appreciation (involving reasons for voting), which he refuses to admit? To take a hypothetical case: if it is legitimate for Audience Research to report that most of the listeners who heard a given broadcast discussion disliked it, why is it illegitimate to add 'and the reason given most frequently was that both speakers seemed more concerned to make debating points than

to arrive at the truth', if this be found to be so?—Yours, etc., London, W.1

ROBERT SILVEY Head of Audience Research

The Process of Evolution

Sir,-The remarks of Douglas Dewar on this subject, published in THE LISTENER of November 1, are based on a simple fallacy which you would do well to expose. If Eugene Guye's calculations prove anything, they prove that the event in question (the chance conversion of inorganic to organic matter) could have occurred; for this has to be assumed before any such calculations can be made. Thus if the validity of the calculations is accepted, the possibility of the event having occurred must be accepted. This is not to say, of course, that the event actually did occur: that is no more than a hypothesis, which seems to be acceptable to most biologists, although it is surely a mistake to sup-pose that the whole of evolutionary theory rests upon it (indeed, Dr. Huxley's lectures show that there is plenty of sound evidence for the theory). The point I wish to make is merely that a high degree of improbability is not the same as impossibility. One could calculate 'astronomical' odds against the occurrence of many events which we know for certain to have occurred.
Yours, etc.,
University of Durham J. D. WESTON

Sir-Dr. Julian Huxley states: 'Natural selection operates through imperfection. Mutation is an imperfection in the basic property of living substance, of reproducing itself unaltered: but without it there could have been no change, and so no improvement of any sort

Here, as elsewhere in these talks, Dr. Huxley appears to perpetuate a certain subjectivity of thought, or prejudice, which has dominated the whole history of biological science, and from which Darwin achieved the first attempted escape. Surely all the evidence goes to show that the power of reproducing itself unaltered is not, in fact, a 'basic property' of living substance? Such an idea can only derive from an uninspired collector's -observation of existing species-regarding them as the static endproducts of evolution, or of a Divine Creation. As Dr. Huxley himself has shown so admirably, species might well be regarded as 'single frames cut from the moving picture of life-I draw upon his metaphor-and their true part in the picture can only be observed by screening the whole film. Contrary to much of his own argument, Dr. Huxley is here limiting his observation of species to not more than three dimensions, whereas their significance only becomes apparent when time is included: as he himself points out elsewhere.

Possessed of a 'basic property' of reproducing itself unaltered, the primeval protein molecule (whenever it occurred) would have remained as such, incapable of adaptation to the first adverse environment-in which, presumably, it would have perished. To ascribe its remarkable powers of survival through 2×10^9 years of climatic and geological change to an 'imperfection' is, I submit, stretching the meaning of a word beyond all reasonable limits. Words, after all, are only tools by which we convey ideas, and this use of the word 'imperfection' in such a context conveys to me, at any rate, the idea that Dr. Huxley is still struggling, somewhat surprisingly, with the teleology of the nineteenth century. It is noteworthy that he has already apologised, as it were, for the unfortunate technical term 'improvement'—for which, incidentally, I would humbly like to suggest 'learn-ning', 'mastery', or other suitable synonym. Perhaps Roget would help. The deployment of living substance as a whole, and of species in particular, is after all a process of 'learning by mistakes'-just as an experimental rat learns

To me it seems that the macroscopic and

easily observable mutations with which Darwin and Mendel worked, must now be looked upon as the points where the continual microscopic and molecular changes of living substance 'break surface' to take effect abruptly at our order of magnitude. That such changes of a molecular order are going on the whole time, in the soma at least, was magnificently demonstrated by Schoenheimer (of Harvard) in his posthumous publication The Dynamic State of the Body Constituents. Why not therefore in the germ plasm or the gene? Anyway we already know from the facts of genetics that such changes occur-indeed from the facts of evolution, Only their etiology would appear to be a subject for debate and experimental investigation. But we will not, I suggest, get very far with either our discussions or our experiments, if we persist in confusing ourselves with the 'biological statics' of the past, and continue to ignore the dynamics of what we have already observed as the true course of nature.-Yours, etc.,

Horsham Stephen Black

Sir,—The broadcast of Professor Mottram which Mr. Dewar cites spoke of '... the chance that atoms [my italics] of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and sulphur run into one another's orbits sufficiently often to manufacture protein', and '... also the amount of the material which would have to be shaken together to do it'. But this ignores the fact that, in making a hypothesis concerning the possible origin of life on this earth as the result of 'blind physical forces', it is assumed that the general physical-chemical environment was such that inorganic molecules as well as atoms were involved, and that they were under the influence of an environment which was much more favourable to elaborate synthesis than that of just being 'shaken together'.

Such considerations render the unqualified calculations of the mathematician quite useless for proving anything, for or against the chance formation of living organisms. Of course the chances against are very large—but so may well have been the number of inorganic molecules concerned.

Our present state of knowledge can go no further than to say that it is possible, even if not very probable, and that dogmatic statements, for or against, are quite out of place so long as we remain relatively ignorant of the general physical-chemical set-up of the surface of the earth at the time when life may have originated thereon.—Yours, etc.,

Christchurch J. H. LAVENDER

The New Society

Sir,—It is time Mr. Thomson got down to facts. If he has discovered to be false what standard histories are agreed upon, viz: that Indemnity Acts were passed (at least after 1760) regularly, let him give half-a-dozen instances (quoting primary authorities) which interrupted this sequence.

I did not read the Plymley Letters to discover whether or not Sidney Smith was a French Revolutionary—which is beside the point—but in response to Mr. Thomson's claim that I would therein find plenty of evidence connecting the passing of Emancipation with the Revolution. As I expected, I discovered none. If Mr. Thomson finds my doing this 'really very funny', his sense of fun must be as naive as

funny', his sense of run indee of the his history.—Yours, etc.,
W. Baring Pemberton

Sir,—Mr. Thomson condescendingly instructs Mr. Pemberton to consult the primary sources in what he calls 'this business of the frequency of Indemnity Acts in the eighteenth century'.

He adds the gratuitous warning that the results of such research will be disappointing to Mr. Pemberton's argument.

In fact, although the secondary authorities cited by Mr. Pemberton are wrong, the Statutes at Large support his general thesis. They show that out of the sixty-two years between 1727 and the outbreak of the French Revolution there were only ten occasions when Indemnity Acts were not passed. Nine of these fall in the reign of George II and one, in 1765, in that of George III. In short, for practically a quarter of a century before the French Revolution the Dissenters were granted uninterrupted indemnity. Mr. Thomson's assertions on this point are, therefore, as wrong as they are rude.

Equally offensive and equally misleading are his facetious observations on Mr. Pemberton's understanding of the movement for Roman Catholic emancipation, Mr. Pemberton contended that the tories who passed Emancipation were unmoved by the sentiments of the French Revolution; and he has since maintained with justice that this point is unaffected by smug and irrelevant reference to a Whig pamphlet of 1807. Nothing that Mr. Thomson now writes disproves Mr. Pemberton's original contention.

—Yours etc.,

Christ Church, Oxford C. H. STUART

The Golden Eagle

Sir,—I am impelled to reply to the letter of Messrs. Wagstaffe and Presti in THE LISTENER of November 1, criticising the report of my short broadcast on golden eagles.

My remarks on the present position of the golden eagle were inspired by conversations with those well informed of the facts. What has happened to the buzzard has nothing to do with the eagle. The authors express astonishment at my statement on the food of the eagle, but they will find ample confirmation of my facts in the standard works on the subject. They also are alarmed at the suggestion that the golden eagle is a scavenger, but surely the changing face of Britain and its effect on the balance of nature must make this inevitable.

They say that the weight of thirteen pounds is very exceptional, which agrees with my remarks; they comment that 'a wing-span of eleven feet is quite contrary to the known facts', which shows that they are ignorant of at least one well-documented example.

They contend that 'a moment's reflection will also show that it is stupid to say there are bandits in all species of birds', but a little longer reflection and a wider acquaintance with zoology will amply confirm my assertion.

Finally, I feel that such words as stupid, absurd, alarming, and monstrous come ill from the pen of those with scientific pretensions.

Yours, etc.,
Twickenham Maurice Burton

Marianne Moore's Poems

Sir,—In his review in The LISTENER (Nov. 1) of Miss Marianne Moore's 'Collected Poems', Mr. Roy Fuller refers to the American poet's more recent work as having been written 'in her old age'. Since it is generally considered indelicate to speak of the age of ladies, let us put it in this way: Miss Marianne Moore was born one year before (and in the same city as) Mr. T. S. Eliot.—Yours, etc.,

Sherborne JAMES STERN

Mr. Herbert Morrison's Sentry

Sir,—Mr. William Kent casts doubt on the story of the sentry on the Duke of York's column that I mentioned in my biography of the Duke of York, and he amusingly suggests

that the 'headstrong soldier' perhaps used a battering ram. With or without a battering ram, no soldier however headstrong or determined could coax or drive his horse up the steps of the column: they are exceedingly narrow. The steps up which the soldier is reputed to have ridden are The Duke of York's Steps, not the steps up the Duke of York's column.

It may interest your readers to know that since giving publicity to the story in my book I have come across, quite accidentally, an account of an officer of the Guards who in Queen Victoria's reign rode up the steps more than once. His name was Lord Dillon. The nailholes in the masonry of the column base must, I now fancy, mark the position of the old noticeboard; there are more probable nail-marks on the wall of the Union Club—a more likely place for the sentry-box.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8 ALFRED H. BURNE

Shrubs for the Garden

WHEN PLANTING SHRUBS we must not be content with just flowers in spring and summer, but look a little further ahead and choose shrubs which will give us these delightful colours in autumn as well. I was particularly impressed with Berberis Wilsonae, the long drooping branches covered in masses of coral red berries and the lovely tints of the foliage. I could remember how nice that shrub looked when in flower during late June and early July. Another very bright one was Rhus continus, often known as the smoke plant, the foliage of this was a bright orange scarlet and this particular shrub created a lot of interest during the summer, when it was covered in a pinkish feathery mass, afterwards turning grey and looking all the world like a puff of smoke. On the rockery Cotoneaster horizontalis was as bright as any: here's a shrub that is quite at home on the rockery in the front of a shrub border and is an ideal wall shrub. I cannot leave the shrubs on the rockery without a mention of the Japanese Maples, they never fail to give good autumn colour and this year Acer palmatum dissectum has been exceptionally good.

I was thrilled to see flowers already showing on Viburnum fragrans; it will continue to show its pinky white flowers all through the winter and when brought into a warm room the scent is delightful. Last spring we pruned rather drastically our largest shrub of Viburnum fragrams but it has made plenty of good growth since and each growth has a nice lot of fat-looking buds which will flower during the coming winter. As a wall shrub the Fire Thorn, Pyracantha Lalandii is one worth remembering.

It is as well to remember that when you're planting shrubs you are planting permanent subjects, and some preparation of the soil in the way of digging and manuring is well worth while. Make each hole large enough to take all the roots without cramping and don't plant too deeply: be guided by the depth they were planted before you bought them. The dwarf growing shrubs can be planted three to four feet apart but the larger ones will need anything from eight to ten feet apart.

-P. J. THROWER (Midland Home Service)

In 'Home Grown' F. H. Streeter gave these quick tips. Finish the celery earthing up and roughly turn the soil between the rows; lift and store the latest sowing of Globe beet; get up the Seakale as soon as the growth has finished; trim the roots and save the best pieces for cuttings; finish any alterations you want to make this year; don't leave it till you have cleaned up for the winter.



What kind of a person are you?

If you are the kind of person who needs only the slenderest excuse to buy something good-looking and as efficient as it looks, don't come too near the Olivetti *Scribe* or you will be carried away. If, on the other hand, you have any amount of writing to do, business-wise or otherwise, then this is the typewriter for you. It has all the refinements of an office typewriter yet, complete with case, it weighs a mere 10 lb.! Behind the Olivetti *Scribe* is a world-wide reputation and

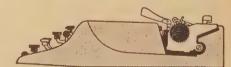
service, plus the Olivetti flair for fine design and workmanship. Price, complete with case, £29 10s. 0d. Call and see it at the Olivetti showroom in Berkeley Square, or write for illustrated leaflet and names of authorised dealers.



BRITISH OLIVETTI LTD., SALES & EXPORT: 10 BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. GRO 6161

 ${\tt TYPEWRITERS:} \textit{Standard} \cdot \textit{Electric} \cdot \textit{Portable}$

PRINTING CALCULATORS · ADDING/LISTING MACHINES



The Scribe — beautifully designed, slim and compact. Total weight in handsome case, 10 lb.

The Scribe gives you a choice of 3 different type-faces.

Pica Elite Bodoni

Among the 'full-size' features of the Olivetti Scribe are:

*KEY-SET TABULATOR

*PERSONAL TOUCH TUNING

* SEGMENT SHIFT

★ ACCELERATING TYPE-BAR ACTION

*PLASTIC KEYS

Power and the State-I

(continued from page 772)

treated honestly and fairly but according to his capacity, unless that society could be ruled by men who had been specially bred, trained, and exercised for the task and then given uncontrolled authority to fulfil it. To him the problem never even presented itself as one of finding the proper limits to State power; his whole concern was to discover how to prevent even the best men abusing the absolute power that they must have. Everything was to be required of them in exchange for this privilege of power. They were to have neither private property nor family of their own. Supported in the mere essentials by contributions from the other classes, living in common and eating at a common table, they resemble some strange college-half professors, half warrior knights. One pauses a little horrified at this plan of a communism that was to extend to wives as well as property. In the book of his old age, The Laws, Plato himself receded from this as from some of his other plans. But in putting it forward he had found a provocative way of saying a true thing. Men do not abuse power, in general, out of caprice or mad vanity or from a tyrant's whim: they abuse it to hold on to or gain material things, for themselves or their class, or to provide advantage for their families. It is in that sense that power corrupts; and since, thought Plato, no man is good enough to resist this subtle, half-benevolent corruption, then away for good with the causes of it. Those who would hold power must abjure the temptations of human affection or material things.

Philosophers as Kings

It is philosophers, then, who will rule in his State. No real hope for the world until the day when philosophers become kings or kings turn philosophers. For this almost a lifelong education must be undertaken by those who are to be fit for power. The purpose of the education is not to make them masters of practical affairs but to give them what Plato calls the 'idea of good'-the ability to reason constructively about general ideas and to arrive at a personal vision of the unalterable values of truth and beauty-not merely, like lesser men, to have opinions about them. But would such men be willing to take the burden of power, to spend their lives in looking after the welfare of other men? 'Most people, I think, would answer 'No'. They would expect men trained by such elevated studies-listed by Plato as arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, harmonics, and dialectic-to shun the political arena in which men compete 'not without dust and heat'. All the moral dignity of Plato's Republic is shown in its answer to this question. No man of developed mind, it is taken for granted, would want power: why should he? The philosopher in politics is 'a man among wild beasts'. Even if things so come about that he is found possessing power, there is no likelihood that its possession will bring him happiness. But that, says Plato, is not the point. It is just because this man does not want power, just because he does not look to it to bring any happiness or practical advantage to himself, that he, and only he, is fit to exercise it, and he will accept the burden that he has not sought as something which his duty binds him to-since he owes both his duty and his will to do it to the society that made him.

And so we have his unforgettable picture of the philosopher-ruler going down into the cave, leaving the clarity and serene light that is natural to his own mind for the dark half-world of those that he must serve. The cave is the home of those who do not have the vision to see things in the unsparing light, who see, as in a glass darkly, only the shadows and reflections of things as they really are. It is, in fact, the world of ordinary people: of confusion, and muddle, and half truth. But it is also the place in which the affairs of ordinary people must be conducted, and so the place in which the statesman, however elevated his thought or clear his vision, must do his work: or theirs. There, in the half-darkness, as the shadows flicker and the very light deceives, the philosopher's pure vision is at first a disadvantage. He will peer and stumble, and the cave-dwellers will laugh at him and his tales of a sunlit world outside. But not for ever, Plato says—'Down you must go then, each in his turn, to the habitation of the others and accustom yourselves to the observation of the obscure things there. For once habituated you will discern them infinitely better than the dwellers there, and you will know what each of the images is and of what it is a semblance, because you have seen the reality of the beautiful, the just, and the good '.

What are we to make of this extraordinary book, this intellectual, ascetic dream of an ideal State? It is not enough to put it away as the work of an ancient professor that has nothing to do with us, for it has caught the minds of men from the time that it was written until today. Nor, again, in spite of the strangeness of much of the doctrine, can one put its theories away as impossible or absurd. Absolute power being held by a single group of men devoted to a particular theory of government and refilling their ranks by rigorous selection: that is not unknown to the world's experience. Nor can we say, in the face of history, that men are incapable of exercising absolute power without abusing it. Or even that there are not men who would surrender everything that makes for the fullness of private life in exchange for the ruler's burden. One useful exercise is to ask oneself, in the light of The Republic, what Plato would have made of the liberal, democratic state. Chiefly, I think, he would have thought us reckless in the risks we take. He held that education is far the most important single activity in society. In *The Laws* he insists that his Prime Minister must be Minister of Education. But to him education meant a strict, deliberate process of adapting young people to the customs and ways of life established in the community they were to belong to. They were to be carefully shielded from critical or sceptical influences until they had become fairly immunised by age and experience. A modern, liberal education would have seemed to him wild in intention and blind to fact. He would have thought our hopeless liberalism of taste and culture no better, because equally anarchic. Books, pictures, papers, films, buildings, plays—every medium that bears most powerfully upon the mind and imagination of members of society let loose upon them without, or virtually without, any authoritative standard of quality or purpose! And finally, to pick the governors of your country through universal suffrage and on party lines! All this would have seemed to Plato the negation of the serious conduct of society. These things are worth attention, not because his theories come to confound us but because, presented with his power and vision, they do serve as a warning that the experiment of a liberal democracy is not only not the inevitable thing, not the obviously right thing, but is, on the contrary, a demanding and risky experiment in political organisation. That is the measure of the venture upon which this country has been long embarked.

The Republic is too great a book to part from without something by way of assessment. Obviously, it leaves no political function to be discharged by the governed. It has been much criticised for this, as if it imposed upon them a sort of slavery. But I think that there is a vast difference between the condition of slavery and the condition of having no control of or part in the political destiny of one's country. No large modern State can be conducted in a way that gives an effective hand in such matters to the ordinary citizen, and yet he feels a free man even without the possession of that influence. But there is something in the argument that fails to convince. It is, as I have said, in the highest degree intellectualist. One is left, even at the end, without any impression as to what its people were going to do in the perfect State. It seems to be assumed that it will be enough if they can win through to a contemplation of what is true and good and beautiful. Plato, no doubt, would have said that virtuous conduct follows naturally from intellectual truth and involves no separate problem of conduct or divided will. But I doubt if we can recapture the intellectual certainty of ancient Greece, and we shall remain vexed by questions of what to do apart from questions of what to think.

Sacrifices for an Ideal

Plato, again, was prepared to sacrifice so much to achieve his ideal State, to make his rulers ascetics and their rule a puritan order. He would turn poets out of his city, for fear that their enchanting songs should beguile men from the truth. But is it within the terms of life in this imperfect world to look for perfection upon such narrowed conditions? A perfect State for a being whom we can think of in terms of perfection, yes. But it seems to defeat its own purpose as it folds coldly round the human being known to us. 'Your chilly stars I can forgo: This warm kind world is all I know'. In fact, The Republic ends in a contradiction that it hardly seeks to resolve: no habitation would be too good for man, if only he were something other than a man.—Home Service

magnificent views and the

lights of London. The Regatta, at the end of Hungerford

Bridge, was in many ways the best designed of the exhibition

restaurants, but it will not be

so accessible when the Bailey

bridge has been taken away,

and - more important - it

caters for much the same public as the restaurant of the Royal Festival Hall, nearby.

The latest proposal is to pre-

serve the Thames-side restau-

rant-the one partly under the

arches of Waterloo Bridge-as

a kind of annexe to the Royal

Festival Hall. It was designed

as a much more popular type

of restaurant, and the L.C.C.

would run it as such-as the

popular counterpart of the

more high-class restaurant in

the concert hall itself. But it is

rather big for the public it is

The Future of London's South Bank

By J. M. RICHARDS

HE exhibition that closed a month ago made many people aware for the first time of the key position the South Bank site occupies in the plan of London, and it made them realise why the L.C.C., when the bombing of London inspired them to make ambitious plans for large-scale improvements, chose it as the site for a new cultural centre. But it is one thing to label an area a centre of culture and entertainment, and another thing to get it assimilated as such into the life of London. People have long-standing habits which they cling to tenaciously. To tell them that the South Bank is as easily reached from Trafalgar Square as is, say, Shaftesbury Avenue,

or that it is actually nearer to the Strand than, say, Leicester Square, does not necessarily alter their habit of believing that civilised London stops at the north bank of the Thames. But habits can gradually be replaced by other habits, and the decision to hold the main exhibition of the 1951 Festival on the South Bank was-or should have been-a god-send to the planners of the new London. For a whole summer crowds flowed across the bridges to find pleasure and entertainment on the Surrey side. The question we must now ask ourselves is, how can this habit be consolidated and the assimilation of the South Bank into the life of London made permanent? Or, to put it the other way round, how can the South Bank be prevented from relapsing into the state of squalor from which the exhibition rescued it?

Of course, we now have the Royal Festival Hall to help, a great attraction in itself. But one concert hall does not make a cultural centre, nor does a

single building, however well patronised, make a reanimated South Bank. And, in addition, there is the likelihood that the Royal Festival Hall's own ability to attract people across the river may be jeopardised if it finds itself a solitary island of light and glamour among a dreary confusion of builders' debris and improvised car-parks. Some steps, I am glad to say, have lately been taken to avert this danger. The Government has appointed Hugh Casson, who was Director of Architecture to the Festival, to advise them about the immediate future of the site. He will study the problems and possibilities in collaboration with the L.C.C. architect and parks officer. Until they have made their report, the demolition of the exhibition buildings has been held up. It may be asked why a short-term plan—for the use of the site directly the exhibition closed—was not made months ago. There exists already, of course, the L.C.C.'s own long-term plan. They are going to lay out gardens along the waterfront, they have earmarked a site for the National Theatre alongside Waterloo Bridge, and have various other similar projects in mind. In addition, government offices are to be built on the portion of the site nearest to County Hall. But except for the gardens (which the L.C.C. hope to get ready by next summer, we are not likely to see anything come of these for some years.

The obvious thing to do therefore is to preserve, at least temporarily, as much as possible of the exhibition landscaping and gardens—and some of the other features too. Though do not let us get confused.

The exhibition is over, and no purpose can be served by trying to keep bits of it just because we liked them and are sorry to see them go. But it happens that this exhibition had a number of ideas in its design that could make a valuable contribution to the improvement of London, and a number of buildings in its layout that would meet obvious present London needs and at the same time present an opportunity of keeping the South Bank site from relapsing into disuse. For example, there has been a lot of public support for the idea of keeping at least one of the exhibition restaurants. During this Festival summer, Londoners and visitors to London took great pleasure in being able to eat overlooking the river, while admiring the

Aerial view of the Thames, looking downstream and showing the recent South Bank Exhibition on the right

likely to attract, and the idea is that the surplus space should be converted into an art gallery, to be run, presumably, by the Arts Council and used chiefly for loan exhibitions. As Aerofilms Ltd. things are, when an important loan exhibition comes along, it usually has to displace part of the permanent collection at the National or the Tate Gallery. Paris has her Orangerie and her Jeu de Paume; other cities have similar galleries. London needs one badly. It cannot be pretended that the unwanted portion of the Thames-side restaurant will be ideal for this purpose. It will not have the dignity, nor the architectural authority desirable in an important art gallery, and it certainly will not provide that home for all the arts under one roof that a metropolitan cultural centre should possess. But it will be something.

The Lion and Unicorn building, which has also been considered as a possible art gallery, would have more of the right character, but there are too many practical difficulties. Though it is a fine lofty building, the amount of wall-space it provides for hanging pictures is small in relation to its size, and the cost of converting it—including the cost of installing heating—would be prohibitive.

Some of the other exhibition buildings in the same part of the site can be more easily adapted for further use. It is now almost certain that the Telekinema will remain, and so will the administration building alongside Waterloo Bridge approach, which will probably be occupied by the Council of Industrial Design. There was also an idea at one time that the Homes and Gardens building might be taken over by British European Airways, as a passenger arrival and departure

(continued on page 801)

3 IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT PROJECTION TELEVISION

1. It gives the BIGGEST picture

In theory, there is no limit to the size of picture with Projection Television—but, of course, if the picture becomes too large it is unsuitable for normal home use. The picture on the latest Philips Projection receiver is therefore 16 inches by 12—the ideal size for the average home, so that you, your family and friends can sit back and enjoy the programmes in maximum comfort.

2. It gives the BEST picture

There are definite reasons why Philips Projection gives the best picture:—(1) The screen is flat right to the edge—which prevents all false curves or distortion as well as irritating reflections from lamps, windows or other objects in the room. (2) There is no glare—due to the fact that you don't have to look directly at the source of light, and also because on the dark screen it is not necessary to have such intense whites to achieve tone contrasts. (3) The gradations of tone are much more subtle.

Now, therefore, with Philips Projection you can enjoy for the first time in your home the sort of picture you have been used to all your life on the cinema screen.

3. It gives the MOST ECONOMICAL picture

Philips Projection Television also gives the most economical picture, costing less per square inch of screen than any Direct Viewing Model. It is economical of space, too—since it gives a big picture in a comparatively small cabinet. And, of course, the workmanship and materials throughout are of the highest quality. As always, Philips is the name you can trust.





DEFENDABLE RADIO · LAMPS AND LIGHTING EQUIPMENT · 'PHILISHAVE' ELECTRIC DRY SHAVERS · CYCLE DYNAMO LIGHTING SETS · 'PHOTOFLUX' FLASH BULBS · SOUND AMPLIFYING INSTALLATIONS · CINEMA PROJECTORS · RECORDING APPARATUS, ETC.

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL LTD.

CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2



WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WAR MEMOIRS

VOLUME V

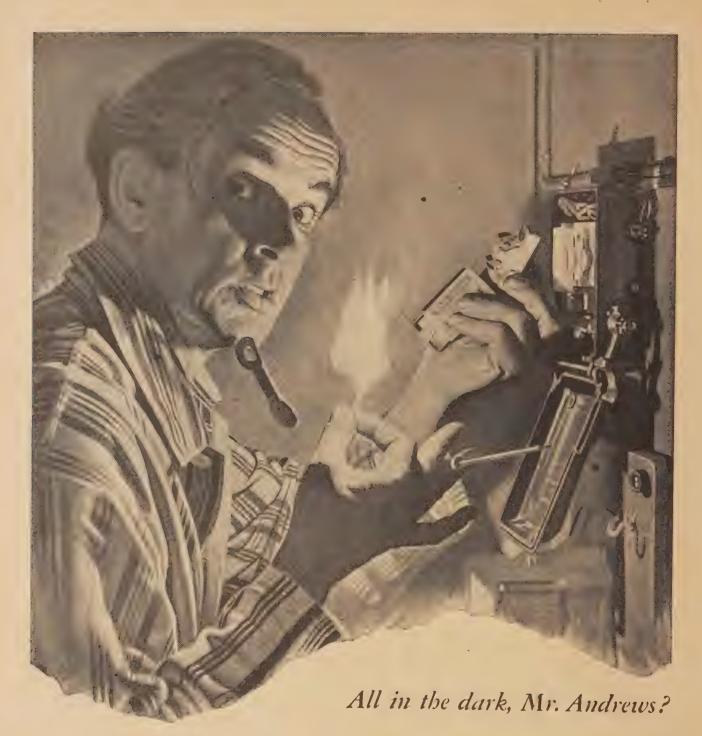
'Closing the Ring'

Another magnificent chapter of world history seen through the eyes of the man who did so much to make it · The Conquest of Sicily · Reactions to Mussolini's fall · Negotiations for Italian Armistice · Quebec Conference · Surrender of Italian Government · Salerno and Anzio operations · Eden's visit to Moscow · Cairo and Teheran Conferences · Greek mutiny · Planning for D-Day · Capture of Rome · Difficulties with de Gaulle, Stalin and U.S. Chiefs of Staff.

Now appearing in the

Daily Telegraph

* Order your copy to day!



When the fuses have blown, when the key-hole can't be found, when the lighter runs out of petrol we turn, almost without thinking, to the sure aid of the match. The match is one example among many hundreds in which chemicals by Albright & Wilson, usually anonymously, but so often importantly, serve the world at large. Every match made in Britain and countless millions of others besides rely on Albright & Wilson's phosphorus products for the light they give.



Chemicals for Industry



(continued from page 798)

station instead of their present one in Kensington High Street, but on investigation the building has not proved suitable structurally. B.E.A. now have their eye on the Station Gate, the building with the arched roof opposite Waterloo station, which contains a big reception hall as well as offices and a restaurant. It is ideally located for an air station, and the coming and going of passengers at all hours of the day and night would help to keep the area lively. It is only a pity that the Station Gate was about the least distinguished architecturally of the exhibition buildings.

So it seems that quite a number of buildings in the downstream half of the exhibition may remain at least for a few years. What is equally important, their retention should enable the gardens and landscaping to be preserved almost intact.

Reprieve for the Skylon

The Skylon, it has now been decided, is to remain temporarily. The pier near it is to go, but the Port of London Authority have now agreed to retain the other pier, further downstream-which is promising. If people can continue to reach the South Bank by water, that will be one more link between it and London across the river. Some of the most charmingly designed of the exhibition structures were those lookout platforms in the seaside section, hanging over the river. They would make a delightful adjunct to the permanent riverside gardens, and there is a good chance that they will be kept, together with the other exhibition features in the same area: the sports arena, the boating pool, and so on. The exhibition displays at the back of this section of the riverside promenade are of course already being taken down; what would be ideal would be to replace them by a row of little shops, cafes, refreshment kiosks, and the like, under the shelter of the cliff-like front of the concert-hall terrace. They, too, would then serve the very necessary purpose of keeping the riverside gardens alive with lights and the movement of people.

Nearby is another structure for which the London public acquired a special affection during Festival year: the old shot-tower, which also plays an invaluable role architecturally, because it makes a perfect foil to the square mass of the Royal Festival Hall. The shot-tower will certainly be retained for the time being, but its eventual fate is more doubtful because it stands on the site allocated to a national theatre. I am afraid it is not, by the way, a good site for a national theatre; there is not really room for another monumental building between the Royal Festival Hall and Waterloo Bridge, but everyone seems committed to building it there, and a token foundation stone has already been laid. So I suppose it must fit in as best it can. Its exact placing on the site will be very important, to avoid the ugly effect of the theatre and the concert hall standing side by side like two slices of cake on a plate. Perhaps the best thing would be to bring the theatre right forward on to the river wall, continuing the riverside walk in the form of a gallery beneath it. It would then compose better with the Royal Festival Hall, and the shot-tower might remain permanently as a kind of campanile within the garden courtyard that would be shared by the two buildings.

These possibilities are all in the more distant future, and you may have noticed that in talking of plans for the immediate future I have dealt only with what was called the downstream section of the exhibition—the area between Hungerford railway bridge and Waterloo Bridge. There is also the area upstream of Hungerford Bridge containing most of the large exhibition buildings, including the Dome of Discovery and the main exhibition concourse. This is the area over which the L.C.C. now have no control (except for the strip they have kept for their riverside gardens). They have leased it to the Ministry of Works for building government offices. These offices are not likely to be started for some years; indeed the Ministry have not yet appointed the architect; but no plans seem to have been made either about what is to happen immediately. There is a lot of work required deep down underground, and the Ministry are said to be anxious to start excavating as soon as possible, even though that will mean leaving a hole in the ground surrounded by a hoarding for some years afterwards. It is to be hoped that the Ministry will think of the blight this would cast on the whole area and not burden us with anything so unsightly. It is even more to be hoped that when they do come to plan their office buildings, they will give us something a bit more imaginative than the type of office building we have become used to. Ideally one would like them to think again whether offices are wanted there at all. Central London has lately become more and more congested as a result of the building of

huge office blocks, which are in complete contradiction to the officially declared policy of decentralisation. Is it necessary for government departments to be packed so close around Westminster? Could not they operate just as efficiently in the provinces or the suburbs where they would cause far less congestion? However, the decision has definitely been taken that government offices are to be put on the South Bank. So the important question is: what kind of government offices?

For it is here that the future of the whole South Bank will be made or marred. I have already spoken-hopefully, but with some misgivings -of the South Bank's prospects of permanent reanimation, and suggested that if this is to be successful, the concert hall and the national theatre require the support of life and lights in the surrounding streets and along the rediscovered waterfront. It is not normally the role of government offices to contribute to the gaiety of London, but is there any good reason why, in this instance, their lower floors should not contain shops and cafes and restaurants, so that life shall go on along the South Bank after the civil servants have gone home? Otherwise the magnificent views over the river will be wasted on those who, it must be presumed, will be too busy to admire them in office hours, and the theatre and concert hall will become mere islands of officially promoted gaiety in an area dominated by the gloom that surrounds office buildings

There are lessons to be learnt from the forbidding architecture of County Hall, alongside which the new offices are to be built, and the dreariness of the riverside walk in front of it. The recent exhibition showed us something very different: how a small but spectacular site can be laid out with enterprise and imagination, and how buildings of differing scale and purpose can be woven into a unified whole and intelligently related to the older buildings within view. It was intended that the Festival of Britain should leave a legacy of improvements behind it, and it would be tragic if this particular lesson were to be lost.

The South Bank exhibition stopped at Waterloo Bridge, but the present plans for improving riverside London extend far beyond it. Downstream of Waterloo Bridge is another semi-derelict industrial area—part of the Duchy of Cornwall estate, stretching almost to Blackfriars—on which the Government recently announced its intention to build a science centre. This would contain offices for the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, a building for the Royal Society and other learned bodies that are now crowded into Burlington House, and a new Patent Office with a greatly enlarged library to replace the bombed one in Chancery Lane. A start will be made with this scheme as soon as possible, and it may well be the beginning of even more far-reaching riverside improvements, not necessarily confined to the South side. Just opposite the site of the new science centre is Somerset House, architecturally the noblest government building we possess. It is rather a waste of such a building to use it for the civil service departments it houses at present. They could operate just as conveniently elsewhere. King's College, London University, is already established there, and if more of the university or other learned bodies were to be gathered there too, we should then have a centre of science and a centre of the humanities facing each other across the river, linked by Waterloo Bridge.

Sophistication back in Covent Garden?

And only a step across the Strand from Somerset House is Covent Garden, from which the fruit and vegetable market is due to be moved under the County of London plan. This will be a wonderful opportunity for restoring to Covent Garden some of its old sophistication, for which Inigo Jones' piazza furnished the setting and of which the opera house is still a reminder.

Ideas like these, though they are already in the air, are very tentative and if they ever come to anything it will be in the distant future; but I have mentioned them to show what immense possibilities for improvement lie on either side of the Thames between Westminster and the City, all of which have their beginning in the reconstruction of the South Bank. It is now, when vital decisions about the South Bank are being taken, that we look to the Ministry of Works and the L.C.C. for a really imaginative lead.—Third Programme

The sixth annual report of the Arts Council of Great Britain for 1950-51, price 2s. 6d., has been extended this year so as to cover the achievements of the Council in connection with the Festival of Britain, for which the Government made a special grant of £400,000. Besides notes on the year's work, a balance-sheet, and the special account of the work done during the Festival, there is a large photographic supplement.

Art

Picasso and the Picassini

By QUENTIN BELL

ICASSO is seventy years old and the Institute of Contemporary Arts is celebrating his birthday with a retrospective exhibition of his drawings. Although it has not been found possible to exemplify all this protean artist's varying moods, his career is adequately and, at times, finely illustrated. Those who admire Picasso may therefore expect a considerable treat. Among several brilliant works are some amazingly precocious drawings of his boyhood.

Picasso is, almost certainly, one of the greatest painters of our

century. He is, unquestionably, the most influential living painter. Previous generations of young artists have been iconoclastic and revolutionary, enthusiastically supplanting the theories and transforming the practice of their elders. The painters who have followed Picasso have, in many cases, done little else. With surprising humility, young and gifted artists of the present day are content to apply the formulae of the master, to reproduce the cubes and pasted newsprint of an earlier generation and to make, of the revolutionary conceptions of the year 1912, the mannerisms of today.

The qualities in Picasso's work which have made their author so influential may perhaps be divined from an examination of the drawings in this

exhibition. To move one's generation as Picasso has moved his, it is not sufficient to be a man of genius; one must be gifted with peculiar powers of fascination and appeal, in a particular manner, to the sentiments of the age in which one lives. Picasso, like Matisse, and like some others of his contemporaries, paints with an audacity which may almost be described as impudence; and he carries this creative effrontery to unheard-of lengths. He rejoices in uncomfortable shapes and easy juxtapositions, he delights in phrases which fail to rhyme but whichby a wonderful exercise of sensibility—are made to agree. 'Woman Reclining and Man' (No. 40) may serve as an example; here, in a perfectly fluent and harmonious composition—it is almost a parody of Ingres—the drawing appears suddenly to break down in the treatment of the man's left leg; it is a wilful and conscious awkwardness, which in fact serves perfectly to balance the movement of the woman's arm. We have here the art of the tight-rope walker who, with calculated negligence, affects nearly to lose his balance. To the disciple, who in truth usually does lose his balance, such audacities must prove very alluring. Justified by Picasso he may persuade himself that whatever appears awkward or feeble in his own work is in fact sublime and that his grossest errors are in reality his most admirable achievements.

The almost painful tension of Picasso's formal arrangements is heightened by the discord of his varying content. The public is shocked and sometimes repelled by his essays in the horrible, by his cruel and curious examination of grotesque and dislocated shapes; but the emotional impact of these observations is enormously increased by the sweetness and suavity which is no less characteristic of his work. These two qualities may be seen side by side in 'Woman and Dying Minotaur' (No. 50), where the prettiness of the harmoniously drawn figures on the boat, the pleasant colours of which can only be appreciated by visitors to the I.C.A. Galleries, contrasts vividly with the studied crudity of the Minotaur's head. The device, which has proved equally popular in contemporary literature, is exactly suited to the troubled imagination of our times. The fact that the content of Picasso's work is more than a little obscure does not make such emotional extravagances any less charming in the eyes of his followers; rather, it increases their excitement. A picture which tells an explicit and comprehensible story may

be pleasing enough; but it cannot be adapted to flatter any taste or to sustain any theory. The works of Picasso are well suited to both these purposesthey may be compared to blank cheques signed by a millionaire. We may fill them in as we please.

Picasso, with his prodigious talents, his aesthetic audacity, his potent cocktail of emotions, and his enchanting obscurity, offers just those opportunities for brilliance and theoretical balderdash which painters love. It is unfortunate that his method offers no kind of discipline to his followers. His paintings hit or miss, and when they hit, as they commonly do, it is by virtue of an astonishing sensibility. Given a belief in one's own sensibility—and no painter can work without such a belief—it is tempt-



'Woman Reclining and Man', by Picasso: in the exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts

ing to suppose that one can produce the impressive results of the master by the use of the same apparently facile methods. The results of such a proceeding, which may be seen in almost any collection of modern paintings, are sufficient to show that only Picasso can produce a Picasso.

With a few thousand words at one's disposal one might compose a nice essay on the influence of environment by comparing the drawings of Picasso with those paintings by William Dobson (1611-1646), which the Arts Council is showing at the Tate Gallery. Certainly they deserve more than a paragraph, for this exhibition is well worth a visit. These are the works of a painter who died young. He seems often to have more picture space than he can deal with and the horses' heads with which he fills his backgrounds are much less convincing than those of Picasso. Nevertheless the portrait of the third Earl of Northampton is well composed and that of Sir Richard Fanshawe* shows a surprising use of oblique rectangles which suggests that Dobson was overcoming his earlier difficulties. In nearly every painting there are admirably well-painted passages; the portrait of an unknown man (No. 24) is particularly good. Had he lived, Dobson might well have become one of the glories of English painting; as it is he does us the utmost

The first three volumes of a new 'Library of Great Painters' come from the Idehurst Press. They are devoted respectively to El Greco (text by Leo Bronstein), Van Gogh (text by Meyer Schapiro) and Renoir (text by Walter Pach). Each volume, which is priced at 50s., contains about fifty plates, all in colour, and a number of photogravure reproductions inset in the text.



"One of these days

I must insure my life!"

. then TODAY you must read this book!

A Life Policy with The London Assurance gives a man such obvious advantages security for his family, a capital asset when he needs money - that he is bound to see the value of it. Less obvious is the fact that the sooner he takes out his Life Policy, the less it costs.

The first step is simple. Post the coupon below for a copy of our free book. That's all. When you've read it, you'll have a very clear picture of what you ought to do, and how to do it.

AND WHAT ABOUT ACCIDENTS?

Among other things, "The London" can insure you against accidents—with the advantage of 15% discount on your Personal Accident Policy premiums if your life is also insured with us at normal rates. If you would like to know more about this, write YES in the margin against this paragraph and cut it out with the

THE LONDON ASSURANCE 1 King William St., London, E.C.4 Please send me your booklet "How to be well Assured"

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

Very good people to deal with





The man the ma

The comprehensive Encyclopædia within the purse of Everyman

EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA

From a B.B.C. REVIEW: "It appertains to the shelves of people who in their own homes want either to enjoy or to use an encyclopædia. . . . Don't for one moment think it is in any way a substitute for a bigger affair. It is an encyclopædia in its own right ... it has an almost inhuman up-to-dateness."

9,000,000 words embracing 50,000 articles with 2,500 illustrations making a reference work to all knowledge from earliest times to present day

12. volumes

14s. per volume

(complete set £8 8 0; or the volumes may be bought separately)

'EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA,' says the New Statesman, 'is within the reach of any family whatsoever that values at a few pounds so comprehensive a guide to human knowledge."

It can be seen and examined at all BOOKSHOPS

*Post this coupon or send a postcard to the publishers, J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., for free descriptive brochure, with specimen pages, and for the name and address of your nearest Bookseller.

J. M. DENT & SONS LTD. * To Aldine House, Bedford St., London W.C.2 EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA

Please send me free brochure, with specimen pages

Name			
_ 100222			
A 11			
Address	***************************************	,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,	

Choose Books for Christmas

ONE MAN IN HIS TIME the autobiography of

BRUCE BELFRAGE

"Vastly interesting—the brightest book of broadcasting reminiscences which I have read for a long time."

Ted Kavanagh.

ORMONS

FAMILY KINGDOM

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR (12/6)

The true story of the extraordinary household of a Mormon who continued to maintain six wives after 'plurality' had been forbidden by law. "A continuously fascinating story, told with wit, warmth and much wisdom."

The Saturday Review.

ADOPTING A CHILD ?

ROOM FOR ONE MORE

ANNA PERROTT ROSE (12/6)

The author adopted three unwanted children, added them to her own family of three, and brought up all six successfully. "A relaxing and girdingup experience to read this book."

New York Herald Tribune.

The Publishers are HODDER & STOUGHTON, LONDON, E.C.4

LIMITED FIRST PRINTING—A SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY

Unique Commemorative Edition of



ALL HIS PUBLISHED PLAYS COLLECTED IN ONE VOLUME

A REMARKABLE publishing achievement, this A REMARKABLE publishing achievement, this special commemorative edition, just off the press, contains every Shaw play ever published. All the fifty-one brilliant, witty, provocative plays are collected, for the first time, in a single volume. 1,412 pages, large clear type, unabridged text. The low price, possible only because the paper was bought two years ago, represents exceptional value. (The smaller prewar edition, long out of print, now changes hands at over £2 2s.)

of print, now enanges and the Service of Print, now enanges and the HOW TO RESERVE A COPY (while the limited first printing lasts) post the from below Y DE. The People's Home limited first printing lasts) post the form below today to Dept. X.D.E., The People's Home Library, S. Dryden Street, London, W.C.2, indicating edition desired. Offer applies U.K. and Eire, closes November 21, Send no money now.

OBTAINABLE ONLY BY POST

WITHOUT OBLIGATION to me, please reserve "Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw," send invoice. Standard Edn., Bookcloth, 15s. [Cross out edition be Luxe Edn., Leathercloth, 16s. 6d.] NOT required.

		ò	D &		q		 	۰	۰	.,	 			. 1			۰	0	0.0	٠	٠.	۰	۰	۰	• 1			٠.			ľ
																										1	F		11		
٠				٠	٠	 ٠.		٠	٠			۰				٠	۰		 			٠	۰	٠			. ,		A	4	ė

X.D.E./s. Plays, 8/11/51



THE WORLD'S **GREATEST BOOKSHOP**



Stock of over 3 million volumes

New, secondhand and rare Books on every subject

We BUY Books, Coins, Stamps

Visit Foyles NEW Record Dept. H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Decca Long-Playing and all other makes.

You can arrange postal subscriptions for British and overseas Magazines, through Foyles.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD **LONDON WC2**

> Gerrard 5660 (16 lines) Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Sea Around Us

By Rachel L. Carson. Staples. 12s. 6d. IT IS ARGUABLE that ancient civilisations, in believing that the earth was first established as a waste of waters, showed, despite their reversal of the probable course of events, an intuitive sense of proportion often lacking in the terrestriallybiased outlook of modern man, for water in fact plays a dominating part in the organisation of living matter. Seventy per cent of the surface of our planet is covered by it, and into it have been swept from the beginning the products of the dissolution of the rocks, the increasing accumulation of material coming eventually to produce in the oceans a saline medium of unique properties which not only made possible the first development of life, but which still to this day provides the conditions under which the activities of living organisms can be maintained with the minimum of structural and functional specialisation.

Miss Rachel Carson, supported by consultation with leading oceanographers, and having herself taken part in a marine expedition, presents a vivid account of the science of the sea which will not only illuminate for the general reader the fundamental biological importance of its problems, but which derives a special character from her use of a sensitive literary style to give expression to the intrinsic beauty of natural phenomena. Her book is not free from the oversimplification which is so difficult to avoid in covering such a vast field in a limited space, the account of the seasonal changes in the surface waters, for example, making only a very oblique reference to the thermocline, and thus leaving no adequate explanation of the secondary autumn outburst of planktonic life; but it would be unfair to press such points, for the treatment of scientific principles is fully adequate for the purpose in hand, and those who wish to pursue their analysis further are provided with an annotated bibliography to which, incidentally, Colman's The Sea and its Mysteries should be added in future editions.

As the reader builds up his picture of the waters out of which he himself ultimately evolved, he can hardly fail to feel intimidated by this most formidable of parents. Men and nations, as the authoress points out in discussing the influence of ocean circulation on climate and human history, have lain in the control of elemental forces whose nature they never understood and whose very existence they never recognised. In our purely terrestrial enterprises it has been tempting to embark on reckless exploitation, and the lesson that we are not only everywhere in biological chains, but are born in them into the bargain, has been learned the hard and expensive way. Our exploitation of the sea, equally blind though some of our fishery enterprises may now seem to be, has proved less expensive merely because there has been so much less that we have been able to attempt. There have, of course, been brilliant inspirations, like that of Fritz Haber, who hoped to extract enough gold from the sea after the First World War to pay the German war debt. He failed because of the immense volume of water which it would have been necessary to handle, and his plan is now remembered as one example of the irrepressible optimism of the living world, symbolised well enough by the minute spider which was discovered amongst the desolation of Krakatoa, nine months after the great explosion, busily spinning its web in a world apparently devoid of insects or, indeed, of any other form of life.

Perhaps the most that we can hope for from the seas in the long run is not to be caught unawares, as, for example, were the last of the Laysan rails, creatures of evident charm, 'with wings that seemed too small . . . and feet that seemed too large, and a voice like distant tingling bells', who, as a result of the singular misfortune of living on Midway Island, were destroyed during the Second World War by rats from an unusually large number of sinking ships. The oceans, we are warned, are overfull and spilling over, and the sea level is rising along the shores of the United States, but there is comfort in the thought that the Coast and Geodetic Survey has had the situation under observation since 1930, and in the meantime there could be no better introduction to such problems of a watery world than a reading of this arresting and stimulating

It Happens in Russia. By Vladimir Petrov. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.

Vladimir Petrov was a nineteeen-year-old student when he was arrested by the N.K.V.D., shortly after the mysterious murder of Kirov, Party boss in Leningrad. Although not involved in any movement of opposition to the regime he was subjected to the usual brutal interrogation process, given the usual farce of a 'trial' and sentenced to six years 'deprivation of freedom'. He served most of this sentence in Kolyma, a desolate region in north-eastern Siberia and one of the richest sources of income for the Soviet Gold Trust.

The first half of Petrov's book, It Happens in Russia, deals with his experiences in the slave labour camps of Kolyma. This is not the Kolyma seen by Henry Wallace on his brief 'goodwill' visit and described by him in Soviet Asia Mission. It is the Kolyma endured by the slaves themselves, a man-made hell on earth, where human life has little value and human dignity even less. It is the terrible Kolyma described by Elinor Lipper (Elf Jahre in Sowjetischen Gefaengnissen und Lagern, verlag Oprecht, Zuerich, 1950), who was also a slave there for seven and a half years; who was there when Wallace passed by on the other side of the barbed wire. Petrov's vividly written memoirs differ in style from her more studious account. Both have of course their own experiences to relate, she from the viewpoint of a woman and a foreigner, he from the viewpoint of a post-revolutionary Soviet youth. But the general picture drawn by each is essentially the same.

In spite of the bleak horror of the subject, Petrov's tale makes absorbing reading. It is not one of wholly unmitigated suffering and despair: for that world too has its ranks and stations, its privileged and under-privileged, its moments of relative easing of the tension—at least for the physically strong or the cunning. But for those on the lowest level of that hierarchy—criminals at the top, the old and freeble, mostly 'intellectuals', at the bottom, there is little hope. Caught in the vicious circle—inability to fulfil the work 'norm', starvation rations as a result, further enfeeblement and still less possibility of achieving the 'norm'—they can hope for nothing except the release by death.

Petrov's story of his ceaseless battle to avoid slipping into the depths from which there is no return makes fascinating and instructive reading.

Here is the Soviet world *en miniature*, all its worst features concentrated and aggravated; all its best, the generous, childlike heart of its common men and women, trampled down, crushed in the bitter elemental struggle for survival.

The second half of Petrov's book relates his many hair's-breadth escapes on the long trek to freedom. It is a vast, many-figured canvas he paints, well worth the attention of all who cannot shrug their shoulders and pass by on the other side of the road.

Angry Young Man. By Leslie Paul. Faber. 18s.

Mr. Paul continues in this book the autobiography he began in *The Living Hedge*. He treats of the space of life when in Keats' words, 'the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted'. It is a tale of a prolonged adolescence which continued from 1922 almost to 1941, but with a gradual tempering both of resentment against a world so full of misery and of the emotional exaltations and excitements in which he sought escape from it.

If maturity means a capacity to rise spiritually above immediate experience in the very act of accepting it, Mr. Paul had a hard struggle both against temperament and circumstance to achieve it. This description of the effect Jefferies' The Story of My Heart had upon him as a very young man suggests very vividly how intense his emotional susceptibility was and the sensuous paganism which attracted him so strongly in Jefferies took him into the youth movement, of which, at the age of eighteen, he started his own branch, the 'Woodcraft Folk'.

Whether or not this movement was, as he claims, the real social revolution of our century in changing behaviour, his personal account of it and of the 'blood brotherhood of the camp fire' here and abroad is interesting. In all such movements, as he sees it, the youth of his genera-tion were 'inveterate "joiners" and drowned our individual despairs in the larger hope'. The sad thing is that so much generous and healthy impulse either failed to develop or was perverted by men of power. But Mr. Paul's love of tramping through the shires with a loaded rucksack was always something of an escape to nature from the industrial world in which he was so closely involved. The roar of traffic in Aldgate High Street where he started his career as a junior clerk, all the 'dazzle, fume and fury which made it impossible to see it as one calm whole', set the tone and rhythm of his life during these years.

He quickly broke away from clerking and found work in Flect Street. Above all he became a kind of free-lance in the political and social world of the revolutionary left. Through association with the Co-operative Movement he led a conducted tour to Russia; he served on the Council of Action in the General Strike, at Lewisham. He visited Germany in the early days of Nazism, Vienna in the last days of Dollfuss, and Czechoslovakia for the Sokol demonstration. And in Poplar he gave talks on current affairs to classes for the unemployed. In describing all these experiences he identifies himself so closely with his surroundings that his personal history becomes the social history of an era. This is its representative value, It is, one feels, typical of a distracted age, drifting to disaster. But from a personal standpoint it is less interesting. We

One of the Greatest Selections a Book Club has ever made

Uttermost Part of the Earth



by E. LUCAS BRIDGES

Wilson Midgley, editor of John o' London's Weekly, wrote, 'Enough true stories here to fill a dozen books of adventure . . . it will make a winter's reading for anybody . . . What pleasure readers will miss if this book does not become, as it deserves to become, a best seller!

deserves to become, a best seller! '
This work stands apart like a mountain peak, serene. 'A major work has been added to the literature on Latin America,' said the Manchester Guardian: 'A saga of the impact of the white man on the archipelago of Tierra del Fuego. The author unfolds his story as one of the main architects of the development of this part of the world, with its piercing winds, rich grasslands, forests, mountains, and a dwindling people divided among themselves.' Published at 30s. in a large volume, it contains many fine plates and maps. So substantial a book, so fine a production, has only been made possible as a double volume at 9s. It is available to those who join READERS UNION at once. (Hodder & Stoughton, 30s.: RU 9s., the selection for October-November.)

Other fine books in the current programme of

READERS T

DECEMBER CHOICE (Fiction)

Denton Welch's

A VOICE THROUGH A CLOUD

The death of this young author, in December 1948, was a tragedy for English literature. Here, disguised as fiction, is Welch's sensitive account of the world of hospitals, nursing homes, and the small excursions permitted him. 'A work of genius.'—fohn Betjenan. (John Lehmann 10s. 6d.: RU 4s. 6d.)

JANUARY 1952 CHOICE (Adventure)

L. C. Moyzisch's

OPERATION CICERO

OPERATION CICERO
In Ankara, an Albanian claimed that he was in a position to photograph top-secret British documents. For £20,000, in sterling notes, he would hand over two rolls of film. So began the most astonishing secret service drama of the last warfinally confirmed by our Foreign Minister in the House of Commons! Here is all that you expect from a thriller—and the truth as well! With a postscript by Franz von Papen. (Wingate 8s. 6d.: RU 4s. 6d.

FEBRUARY CHOICE (Fiction)

Dan Billany's THE TRAP

A sinewy, intensely honest novel of life in a Cornish family, whose loves, joys and troubles give place to war. The picture of army life as seen by a working-class officer has been acclaimed as equalling

the best of Siegfried Sassoon. James Hanley wrote of its 'real imagination, passion and feeling. . . Nobody can read The Trap without being affected by it, and nobody ought to miss reading it.' (Faber 10s. 6d.: RU 4s. 6d.)

MARCH CHOICE (Travel and Adventure)

Thor Heyerdahl's

THE KON-TIKI EXPEDITION

No need to say much! Obviously the adventure story of our time; one of the most demanded books at libraries this year, and nearly 300,000 copies sold in the general edition at 12s. 6d. RU members get it (with the original illustrations, and printed from the edition type and blocks) at 4s. 6d.! Illustrated.

Allen & Univ. 12s. 6d. RU 4s. 6d. 4s. 6d.! Illustrated. Allen & Unwin 12s. 6d.: RU 4s. 6d.

APRIL CHOICE (History)

Geo. F. Willison's

HERE THEY DUG THE GOLD

Rely on RU to find the unusual book on the not too hackneyed subject! This time it is an account of one of the most famous American gold-rushes and the consequent discovery of the fabulous Colorado silvermines. This is a real life book full of fantasy and melodrama. 'A thoroughly documented incredible saga.' (New York Times). With many plates. (Eyre & Times'. With many plates. (Spottiswoode 16s.: RU 4s. 6d.)

Saving money through READERS UNION

Readers Union is for those who take their reading seriously and who like the unusual; who find real life more compelling than any fiction. Its selections have a permanent rather than a passing interest; solid fare rather than literary tea-cakes.

The box-office fiction is avoided, READERS UNION brings variety to imembers by choosing exceptional novels from time to time.

Trad to no group of publishers, READERS UNION makes its selections solely in the interests of members. There are many additional bargains, too, and Readers News free every month.

If you would like to join, thus saving pounds in the next six months, post the form below now.

-----ENROL HERE

READERS UNION, 38 William IV Street, Charing Cross, London, W.C.2 (If preferred you may hand this form to a bookseller)

Please enrol me as a member of READERS UNION. I will purchase at the club price six consecutive monthly choices and continue thereafter for as long as I wish, giving a month's notice when I wish to stop. Begin with (state month here).....

(a) I will pay monthly on receipt of each book at 4/6 plus 6d. postage.

(UTTERMOST PART OF THE EARTH is a double volume at 9/- plus 6d. postage—9/6)

(b) I enclose $\begin{cases} £1.10.0 \text{ for } 6 \text{ months.} \\ £3.0.0. \text{ for } 12 \text{ months.} \end{cases}$ NOTE: ALL OVERSEAS ENROLMENTS AND GIFT MEMBERSHIPS MUST BE PREPAID.

Address (Block Letters, please).....

UP-TO-DATE READING AT MODERATE COST

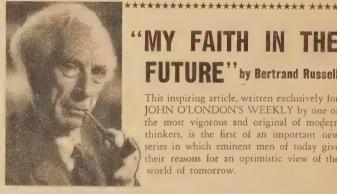


SERVICES AVAILABLE. PREFERENTIAL: Guarantees you priority. #CLASS A: Gives you choice of ANY book on the shelves. #CLASS B: Offers all but the latest books. #PAY-AS-YOU-READ: For those who do not wish to take a period subscription. POSTAL: A delivered service for those people not conveniently near a branch.

Subscriptions range from 4/- to £3. Ask the librarian at your local branch for full details or write to:

W. H. SMITH & SON LIBRARY SERVICES

BRIDGE HOUSE, LAMBETH LONDON, S.E.I



"MY FAITH IN THE FUTURE" by Bertrand Russell

This inspiring article, written exclusively for JOHN O'LONDON'S WEEKLY by one of the most vigorous and original of modern thinkers, is the first of an important new series in which eminent men of today give their reasons for an optimistic view of the world of tomorrow.

"WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THAT BOOK?"

Great New Competition - Valuable Prizes!

A handsome, glass-fronted, solid oak Bookcase (as illustrated) and, in addition, Books of your own choice to the value of 25 guineas, are offered for the best 250-word opinion on a favourite book. Second Prize, Bookcase and 20 guineas worth of Books (your choice). Third Prize, Books to the value of 10 guineas. Also 40 Prizes of 1-guinea Book Tokens. Full details and entry coupon in JOHN O'LONDON'S, out Friday, Nov. 9th.



Art

The World of Books · Plays · Music ·

OUT FRIDAY, NOV. 9th ************** are left waiting for a coherent personality to form and it is not until near the end when the London Blitz and life in the army have stripped him bare that a significant identity begins to emerge from the yeasty ferment of the narrative.

Previously the most appealing parts of his record are the human stories which from time to time appear like islands in the social flood, the poignant picture of his father, for example, the tale of the Russian child who had to go back to Moscow, or of the old char without a home—these and some of his vivid descriptions of a lit landscape or of woods at night. These provide welcome respites from the jungle of idealistic materialism through which, during most of the book, he flounders in what he calls his evolution from Marxism to Ohristianity. That he can describe this evolution as 'much the same' as Simone Weal's will suggest how loose his statements can be. For in him there is nothing of her austerity and self-discipline. But at the end the reality of the spiritual world comes home to him by way of music and poetry, and that something 'larger than life and more real than one's own heart' brings the world for him into a truer perspective. The voyage of real self-discovery has

The Logic of Liberty. By M. Polanyi. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 15s.

This is a collection of addresses and articles contributed by Professor Polanyi to various societies and periodicals in the course of the last eight years. They have a common theme which is the link that exists, according to him, between the fundamental assumptions of science and thought in general and freedom. All knowledge, he argues, involves what he calls a fiduciary element, an acceptance by faith of certain fundamental presuppositions, and those who stand for freedom are called upon to define the fundamental beliefs to which they commit themselves. This central position is discussed again and again in these essays in relation to the various aspects of liberty. In the end, however, it remains, at least as far as this book is concerned, somewhat obscure.

Professor Polanyi has no difficulty in showing that both commonsense and science rest upon assumptions which operate so to say unconsciously and affect all our judgments. But he does not state with sufficient clarity what these assumptions are, nor does he establish the claim that there is a necessary relation between the underlying fiduciary presuppositions of science and the principles implicit in the conception of a free society. He argues for example that a behaviourist theory of knowledge or a psychology which emphasises the irrational elements in behaviour and the distortions to which human purposes are subject are incompatible with the constitutive beliefs of a free society. On the face of it this is not borne out by the facts. Extreme behaviourism flourished for a time in the U.S.A. where the doctrine of conditioned reflexes proved very acceptable. Psycho-analytic theories gained favour in the free societies and are frowned upon in the totalitarian areas both fascist and communist. 'Positivist' views of knowledge can well be held both by believers in and opponents of freedom and democracy. On the other hand, 'absolutist' theories of knowledge and morals can be and have been used to justify both democracy and totalitarianism. It is thus clear that the relations between theories of knowledge and theories of political obligation are more complex than would appear from these essays.

To carry the argument further it would be necessary to distinguish more fully the different forms of positivism, totalitarianism and freedom. Above all, the status of the fundamental presuppositions of thought would have to be more

clearly defined. Professor Polanyi appears to think that these fundamental beliefs are matters of commitment or affirmation which as such may be sincere or insincere but can be neither true nor false. On the other hand the beliefs themselves, as distinct from their affirmation, may, it seems, be true or false. But we are not told how their truth or falsity is to be established.

The problem that arises at this point is, however, crucial. Each system of thought has its own presuppositions which constitute for it an orthodoxy, and it is clear that different orthodoxies may be held with equal sincerity by their supporters. If the fundamental beliefs are merely affirmed, as a 'form of being the justification of which cannot be meaningfully questi ned', there can be no hope of any divergence between them being overcome, and we are landed in an ultimate scepticism or relativism of the kind which Professor Polanyi sets out to repudiate. To hold the balance between possible alternative approaches, we are told, is 'our ultimate commitment, the most fundamental of all '. But what is to guide us in this decisive commitment and how are the alternative systems to be compared? Until this is done it is difficult to see how Professor Polanyi can meet the Marxist argument that in demanding freedom we merely seek to establish our own orthodoxy. The only valid answer, he tells us, is 'that our fundamental beliefs are not just an orthodoxy; they are true beliefs which we are prepared to uphold.' If so, we need a method to show that they are not 'just an orthodoxy

The second part of the work is devoted to the problems of economic freedom. Here elaborate arguments are set out to show 'that the operaations of a system of spontaneous order in society, such as the competitive order of a market, cannot be replaced by the establishment of a deliberate ordering agency'. In the economic sphere, as in the world of science, the best results are likely to be obtained by a system in which individuals are allowed to secure mutual adjustments, protected by an institutional framework which upholds their independence. This is a new version of the doctrine of the 'invisible hand' which will no doubt convince those who are already convinced. Others may doubt whether economic arrangements based on acquisitive competitiveness are really likely to produce the 'good society', that is, in Professor Polanyi's words, 'a body of men who respect truth, desire justice and love their fellows

The work as a whole has more unity than is commonly to be found in collections of occasional papers. It is to be hoped that at some future time Professor Polanyi may undertake the task, which for the moment be deems premature, of presenting his fundamental ideas in more systematic form.

Skylight One

By Conrad Aiken. Lehmann. 7s. 6d. The Road to Sinodun

By George D. Painter. Hart-Davis. 6s. Mr. Aiken is now in his sixties, a poet who has contributed greatly to the rise of American poetry since the 'Renaissance' of 1912 but whose work (unlike that of such poets as William Carlos Williams and Marianne Moore) has been written in a manner entirely acceptable to the English reader. It is odd and regrettable therefore that though he is known in this country his reputation is not higher than it is. This is due mainly to the haphazard way in which his books have been issued by English publishers. He is an uneven poet, and it is his lesser poetry which has normally represented him over here. That fine book Preludes for Memnon, for example, has appeared only in America. Skylight One is uneven, but it is to be warmly welcomed

because it does show some of the very best Aiken, and as a whole never falls below a remarkably high standard of technical accomplishment and skill with words. It consists of a number of longish poems, interleaved with short lyrics, on themes which range from the traditions of New England, through the impact of love on age, to the atomic explosion at Bikini. Though sometimes diffuse this book is never commonplace, its language is often literary but always unworn, and frequently displays that memorable musical power characteristic of Mr. Aiken's best achievement which these individual lines may seem to illustrate—'The tiger 'gash of daybreak rips the night' and 'the wide arch of the deranged empire falls' and 'green rows of sod above neat rows of bones'

Mr. Painter's book is subtitled 'A Winter and Summer Monodrama' and contains sixty-odd very short poems which record the poet's emotions after an unhappy love affair and during the bombing raids on London of the early part of the war. The prime virtue of *The Road to Sinodun* is undoubtedly its sharp individual flavour: the epigrammatic or balladlike form of the poems is derived from Housman, but the result is never anything else but Painter. They are full of good ideas, single lines are often haunting and powerful, but they suggest more than they achieve. Some poems (such as those on pages 23, 26, 32 and 38) very nearly come off with a bang, but in general Mr. Painter's technique and vision are just not sufficient to lift the book from the plane of the unusual to that of the universal.

Film Form. By Sergei Eisenstein. Denis Dobson. 18s. 6d.

A Seat at the Cinema. By Roger Manvell. Evans. 12s. 6d.

The History of the British Film, 1914-1918. By Rachel Low.

Allen and Unwin. 35s.

The art of the film, whose relationship to the commercial cinema bears scarcely even a family likeness, has always tempted its practitioners, between shots, to take up the pen. But never with very satisfactory results. The theories here propounded by the director of 'Ten Days that Shook the World' and 'Alexander Nevsky', are hopelessly undisciplined, and recorded in a style so pedestrian as to make them very nearly unreadable. Nor, one feels, has Eisenstein's translator done him much service. In the book's principal essay, 'Dickens, Griffith, and the Film Today', the author, at inordinate length, discusses the influence of Dickens' novels upon the technique of D. W. Griffith's early films; yet he manages to leave out (possibly because he never acknowledges it) the fact that while the American pioneer was a great inventor of new tricks, he was not to be reckoned a very considerable artist. He outlived his day, and after his successful experiments in technique had been universally adopted (they have not since been much improved upon) he had nothing left to say in terms of the cinema that was not better said by younger men of finer intellect. Nevertheless, from an esoteric point of view, this book will be found rewarding by anyone who has the fortitude to read it. But fortitude he must certainly have,

Doctor Manvell's book, on the other hand, can be read with a good deal of interest not only by the specialist, but also by the cinema's weekly patrons. It goes some way towards dissipating the confusion engendered in the mind of the mere 'looker on' by what must surely be the world's most fabulous industry. Yet the publisher's claim that here is 'an account of the parts played by the many technicians and specialists without whose knowledge and ability

The new book by J. A. MICHENER Return to Paradisc

"An absorbing book. . . . To say that he has the Somerset Maugham touch would be in part true, but it would also be misleading, for this author is a brilliant individualist.

... The Sphere.

ANDRE GIDE If It Die—

The first unlimited edition slightly abridged. Book Society Recommend. Nov. 15. 15s.

BASIL HENRIQUES

Fratres

(Club Boys in Uniform)

"An anthology of laughter and tears. A unique war document."

.. John O'London's. 12s.

Secker & Warburg



"Thank you—
but don't forget
the rest of us"

This African was able to buy a Bible. Why? Because missionaries had worked for years translating the Scriptures into his language, and because the Bible Society was there to print, bind and transport copies into the heart of East Africa. All this cost the Society a lot of money which could not be included in the selling price because it would then be too high for the African to afford. There are thousands all over Africa waiting eagerly for copies of the Scriptures in their own languages.

To supply this urgent need will cost money — and prices are rising. Will you help?

THE BRITISH & FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY

146 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4



CARDS & CALENDARS

a pleasure to buy and

a pleasure to get!

Ask your retailer to show you his selection of these cards, also his Hills and Fleur-de-Lys cards, which should also delight you, or visit the Medici Galleries.

To shop by post write for catalogue to The Medici Society Ltd., Box A, Mail Order Department, 34-42, Pentonville Road, London, N.1.

THE MEDICI GALLERIES
7. Grafton Street, London, W.1
26. Thurloe St., S. Kensington, S.W.7
& 63. Bold Street, Liverpool



Better Books

booksellers

booksellers of Charing Cross Road

A stimulating
modern bookshop
that stocks and displays
the best of books—
from Chaucer to Anouilh

Book Society Alternative Choice

HENRY IRVING

by Laurence Irving

The famous Victorian actor's grandson draws on hitherto unpublished material for a rich portrait of Henry Irving and of contemporary stage and society.

Very fully illustrated. 50s.

COMPLETE LISTENING

with

EUROPEAN RADIO

Programmes of the Continent EVERY FRIDAY 6d.

From Bookstalls and Newsagents

TRY IT: 4 weeks 2/- (post free)

EURAP PUBLISHING CO. (London) LTD. 137 BLACKSTOCK ROAD, LONDON, N.4

the work of leading actors and actresses could never reach the cinema screen', is open to argument. More truthfully might it be said that without the technicians and specialists to cover up their lack of any natural talent, many of the screen's actors and actresses (so-called) would cease to exist altogether. By a careful arrangement of sequences a child of four can be made to appear in the studio as an accomplished performer. On the stage that child would be nowhere. Whereas legitimate stage actors are seldom seen on the screen to their advantage. In his

chapter on the nature of film criticism, the author draws attention to the producer who resents the dismissal, in a few caustic words, of a picture on which he has expended so much time, effort, and money. The answer would seem to be that an intelligent critic-whose position is too often that of a connoisseur of painting expected to pass judgment on the cheapest kind of greetings card-should notice only such films as deserve his attention. After all, the publicity boys employed by the producer himself are not incapable of praising his efforts in the most

extravagant terms; and what they say appears always in the largest type. By deliberately inviting genuine criticism, a producer may well be doing himself a disservice.

Once again Miss Rachel Low is to be congratulated upon her research into the history of the British film. In this, the third part of the series, she achieves the really remarkable feat of omitting no detail from her survey, and at the same time holding the reader's attention throughout. In its own genre this is an important

New Novels

Mr. Beluncle. By V. S. Pritchett. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. Tillotson. By Philip Trower. Collins. 10s. 6d. Collected Short Stories of William Faulkner. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

R. BELUNCLE thought he was God. And since he had many of the attributes of the Deity as conceived by himself, the confusion is easily explained. For Mr. Beluncle was an adherent of Mrs. Parkinson's sect, and according to Mrs. Parkinson God was Mind—omnipresent and omnicapable, a more than adequate substitute for society, sex, success, and even for money if you happened to be short of it at the time. So, as I say, the confusion is easily explained: for Mr. Beluncle, though undeniably and indeed boisterously physical, resembled Mrs. Parkinson's God and his own in being squalid but irrepressible, in being liable to appear anywhere when neither expected nor desired, in being cruel and capricious but seldom concupiscent, and, finally and above all, in consistently failing to meet his obligations. In one word, both Mr. Beluncle and his God were frauds.

V. S. Pritchett's long awaited Mr. Beluncle is the most extraordinary novel that has appeared for a considerable time. For one thing, it is one of those anomalous works of fiction that have a plot but not a story. Asked to be more precise, one might say that the plot concerns that standing contradiction, the remarkable capacity for living that the lower-middle classes possess in spite of the grotesque inflation of their moral and religious pretensions. This makes not so much for a novel as for a social study; and whereas a social study doubtless can be conducted by means of a story, Mr. Pritchett has chosen an alternative method and given us a vast and yet minutely detailed piece of genre.

The truth is that I find myself quite unable to give a coherent account of the setting and the personages involved. In order to give a fair idea of this remarkable work, one will have to progeed something like this. Imagine an enormous and typical Brueghel representation of some kind of peasant festivity; and then reclothe the peasants in modern and approximately lower-middle class attire, but without altering the actions or the gestures of a single one. After this, substitute the International Stores for the peasant cook-shop, replace the strolling players' booth by the Palace Cinema, scatter a filling station or two about, and remove that church in the background, setting in its stead some red or green monstrosity of corrugated iron and with a notice outside saying, 'The Church of the Last Purification (Toronto)'. What have you now? Remember, you have modernised the setting but not altered a single human movement or expression. And what have you? You have people cheating, haggling and stealing: you have them using the proceeds to buy ersatz sausage at the stores and overloading their stomachs in their kitchens: after which you have them gaping and slobbering in the Palace Cinema, going out to be violently sick, making love in the car park, sleeping it off till Sunday morning, and then all finally repairing to the Church of the Last Purification, where God is Mind and so indifferent to ersatz sausage and vomit alike. This, one might claim, is a physical picture of the spiritual bankruptcy Mr. Pritchett is seeking to express; it is a simile, however inadequate, for the life of which he tells us, a life in which greed, tawdriness and fraudulence provide the food for the body and are the only food for the mind.

After all this, it is with some relief that one passes to the louche but restrained behaviour of the upper classes and the tradition of Norman Douglas. Philip Trower's Tillotson has many of the faults of a first novel, but it also has the firm imprint of considerable talent and a thoroughly civilised outlook. It concerns eighteen-year-old Sir Jacob D'Albey, Baronet, who is spending a holiday with a rich uncle in an imaginary Mediterranean district (somewhere east of Italy?) which is full of futile but congenial expatriates and gin-sodden, gigolo-ridden old women. Sir Jacob, I'm afraid, is everything Mr. Cyril Conolly once denounced in a young hero, for he is charming, good-looking, and inefficacious, he has a small income and a great whale of a problem, he won't know where he's going till he's there, and 'there' will infallibly be the bed of any woman over thirty. But I have an invincible affection for the Cheru bino manqué of modern fiction, and, after all, Jacob's problem is real enough: it is that of any young man who wants to find out about Life and imagines (poor sucker) that the best way to do it is through Art.

So what happens? The first thing that happens, unfortunately, is that Mr. Trower shows the long-drawn uneasiness of the unpractised novelist in setting his scene and putting his people into it. He piffles and fiddles about for a good sixty pages longer than necessary. But at last everything is arranged to his satisfaction, and his characters, ceasing to kick and quiver like inefficiently handled puppets, assume and retain the vitality they deserve. Jacob finds that the centre of life in the district is the worldfamous art-critic, Tillotson. Arguing that Tillotson will be able to tell him all about Art and so, by proxy, as it were, about Life as well, he endeavours to meet the great man. But some good, sharp lessons are in store for him. Lesson number one, Tillotson despises and eludes Jacob's uncle and his friends, and has no desire to meet self-centred and inept young men like Jacob. Lesson number two, Jacob soon discovers that local admiration for his hero is based, not on culture, but on prestige-snobbery, and is expressed, not by reverence, but by back-biting and intrigue. Lesson number three, Tillotson's books, so far from elucidating the secret of Art, have

turned it into a bore.... The result of all this is that he gets the insight he requires, not indeed into Life or Art, but into something which it is apparently more important to understand than either—the World. It only needs Tillotson's unexpected death, the storm of spittle that descends upon his grave, and, above all, Jacob's seduction by a serving-girl, to put everything in proportion and drive the final lesson home. Mr. Trower has worked towards it with care and enunciates it with pleasure. It is this. Young men with problems would probably do well to accept the World's evaluation of art-critics and take their problems to serving girls instead.

So far we have dealt with easily recognisable features of existence and society. William Faulkner's short stories, on the other hand, are unreal-unreal in the ghoulish way things are when you have finally uncovered reality, when you have stripped it down till there is only the bare husk of a hideous truth remaining Now it doesn't do to become hysterical about Faulkner -he does enough of that himself, and wants nothing better than for us to follow hi b'indly into his screaming madhouses of lust; erversion and guilt. For as long as we can we must try to remain detached. While we can do so, it is as well to remark that he had no mandate whatever for disregarding the elementary courtesies of authorship and creating unnecessary confusion over time, place and simple details of fact; that there is no reason why he should not use inverted commas in the same way as everyone else-to convey who is talking to whom; and that there is equally no reason, when he is writing straight prose and not diale t why his grammar and syntax should stink.

Having said this, and also that his obsession with evil is puritanical if not pathological, let us allow that he is a 'volcanic' writer. People in Faulkner's stories aren't just naughty. There is no question of misbehaviour, of lechery, dalliance or tipsiness, least of all of pleasure. People in these stories fornicate epically and with grim conpulsion: they get drunk on gallons of raw whiskey, they cut hecatombs of throats-probably with a rusty scythe: they are wreckers and killers: they are the Old Adam jet-propelled. And what is it caused by, this cosmic beastliness, this unutterable cruelty and crime? To this question no answer is given: Faulkner thinks of it, therefore it is. But there is other evidence for its existence, much better evidence. Dachau and Belsen perhaps. There is no point in trying to confute Mr. Faulkner. The section of life he deals with is very real and not even particularly small. He ranges over it with a single-mindedness and a passion which lend him the authority of an expert and, not seldom, the relish of a connois-

SIMON RAVEN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Viewing and Interviewing

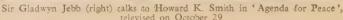
FOR THE RECORD, the televising of the General Election results was efficient if not consoling to all viewers. Graham Hutton, David Butler, and H. G. Nicholas were sometimes hard put to it to keep our screens alive during the varying factory presentation formula has yet been found. We do not want a standardised interviewing technique, but producers ought by now to have devised a method by which two people can be exhibited in discussion without being put to physical discomfort. Sometimes they are almost in each other's laps. Or we have the interviewer placed squarely before the

be enticed before the cameras again. She can

please the ear as well as charm the eye.

As in 'Agenda for Peace', the programme which unfolded the fifty years' history of the Royal Aero Club made excellent use of film for bringing in personalities who could not be present at the transmission-among them Lord Brabazon, Sir F. Handley Page and Mr.







Sir Gladwyn Jebb (right) talks to Howard K. Smith in 'Agenda for Peace', An Eskimo family in the film 'Canada's Awakening North', which 'showed aspects of life in a pioneering, wooden-house community' aspects of life in a pioneering, wooden-house community

intervals between returns and there was often tedious recourse to charts and maps and to a not wholly intelligible graph-like gadget that might have been a puzzle strayed from 'Television Sports Magazine'. Hutton, huddling from time to time between his colleagues and urging them on to their jobs of explanation and definition—'Go on, go on'-was like a schoolmaster taking prep. The general effect was of satisfactory organisation and good team work.

Sir Gladwyn Jebb, talking about peace and the General Assembly's work to secure it, gave us in 'Agenda for Peace' a demonstration of the television style which has in recent months made him a conspicuous and popular figure of the American public scene. Sir Gladwyn's mind in action is

one of the precision instruments indispensable to laying the foundations of world common sense. In making his points he scarcely needed the questions of Howard Smith, the American radio commentator, whose management of the interview was acceptably restrained and judicial. For viewers this was the most compelling part of a programme which called in a number of other authorities and used film extracts to put before us the problems of our world and time in thirty minutes of soberly instructive, thoughtful television. The shots of little, doll-like Korean babes, putting their hands to their ears to shut out the noise of guns, tore at the heartstrings. Does the General Assembly, assembled, see films like this?

The television interview is a feature for which no entirely satiscamera while his subject lounges in profile. This tends to compose into an awkward-looking picture. There is much to be said for the method used in the interview with Sir Gladwyn Jebb, in which he was frequently shown in close-up, the interviewing voice coming to him and us from off-stage.

Meanwhile, an unobtrusively successful interview occurred in the 'Leisure and Pleasure' programme the other afternoon when the wife of the Lord Mayor of London talked at Jeanne Heal's competent prompting about her travels, her clothes and hats, her packing and unpacking, her figure and her food, and yet not about herself, a delightfully natural recital of experiences enjoyed and endured. Lady Lowson should

Whitney Straight. The result was something more than a piece of special pleading for the Royal Aero Club as an institution needing and deserving support. It was a reminder of past pre-eminence and future responsibilities. Among other things it showed the nation's indebtedness for its security to the despised rich. The late Lord Rothermere and Lady Houston both financed prototype aircraft which helped us to survive great perils, and the programme also told us that Lord Kemsley's benefactions for air training projects are hardly less important. What we would have liked was more illustrative material from the film records of early flight. This being the season of restricted outside

broadcasting, no doubt we shall be seeing more films on our screens. The Marshall Plan film, 'Report from Britain',

shown to us the other evening, was followed by a discussion of its motives and merits by Howard Thomas, the producer, and an American repre-sentative of Marshall Aid, with Howard Marshall as chairman. The film contains some good documentary stuff, and while some of us have a preference for seeing films about other people rather than about ourselves, it gets on admirably with its business of communicating information to American audiences. Another 'Canada's Awakening North' recalled if it did not revive one's young dreams of adventure beyond the penumbra of authority. It was a film of sympathy and sense, showing us aspects of life in a pioneering, wooden-house community in which the good-neighbour spirit is un-



Commentators and statisticians in a B.B.C. studio during the televising of the General Election results

usually active. Some recent films on television have been less satisfactory. Too often we have been left with the impression that they were there as fill-ups.

In passing, a word about relevision and publicity. The ears of conscientious producers must always be nervously attuned to the chance of a 'slipped in' name or reference; it has happened. At least there was no furtiveness about Godfrey Winn's enthusiasm on television the other day for a new book by himself. He named it at least three times, the last time in accents a little too opportunistically loud and clear. His publishers must be delighted. If television is going to encourage that kind of advertising, what of the revenues of the weekly journals that largely depend on publishers' announcements?

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Stormy Weather

'THE TEMPEST', ITS SOUNDS and sweet airs, came to us in all its harmony, spoken with a swift ease. But I could not readily agree that Raymond Raikes' 'interpretation' (Third Programme) added much to our general knowledge. The revival seemed to be straight enough except for some rearrangement of speeches, a clutch of over-anxious interpolations ('Oh, but father-? ', 'This shore!', and so on), and the sudden appearance in the first scene of the fourth act-if I caught them rightly-of two lines from 'Richard the Second': 'We hear this fearful tempest sing, yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm'. They were included, no doubt, because of Mr. Raikes' belief that 'the sense of tempest is all-pervading'. Maybe; but is it especially helpful? I found it more profitable simply to accept, and to enjoy, this revival as an admirable projection of a fantasy better fitted to air than earth. Mr. Raikes is always an alert

We were glad to hear for once the text of the shipboard scene, so often lost in clamour ('with strange and several noises of roaring, shrieking, howling'), and to follow that nautical manoeuvre over which, John Masefield has said, the Master would have infallibly lost his certificate. It is no longer the custom, thank goodness, to treat Prospero as a tedious high pontiff, and Norman Shelley's wise and gracious speaking illuminated the play. (I cannot remember that any Prospero has said so expressively the single word 'Well' in reply to one of the more impassioned remarks of Ferdinand.) When the Masque was over, Mr. Shelley used that tempting emendation, 'I think thee, Ariel: come'. As Ariel, thought-conjured spirit, Denise Bryer's wind-whispering, Aeolian-harp method at first fixed the imagination but was apt to sigh off into monotony. Carleton Hobbs as Gonzalo, a part turned so often into a king of bores, and John Slater as a Caliban never overgrowled, over-mouthed, adorned a cast that kept the play's richness and strangeness without persuading us that the interpretation was especially new.

Another kind of tempest howled about the head of the British ordnance expert, acted by Jack Livesey, in Eric Ambler's 'Journey Into Fear' (Home). After being all but run down in the streets of Istanbul, and shot at ('just a slice off the back of the hand') in his hotel bedroom, he took ship to Genoa early in January, 1940, as one of an extraordinary 'pentecostal crew' of passengers. Presently, he was banging off his 'revolver—with some success—at two enemy agents on a lonely Italian road. No wonder that somebody had said to him at the start: 'Are you interested in death, Mr. Graham?' He was—profoundly. Archie Camp-

bell's production of Jon Manchip White's radio version began, it appeared, in a muddle of noise and sticky accents. One waited for the voice of the youngish, sallowish gentleman in spectacles, with the lumpy forehead, who said 'Esker—' at the Podsnaps' party and was heard no more. But once the voyage from Istanbul had begun, we were embarked on a pleasantly rich-and-strange melodrama, with such actors to guard it as Frederick Schiller, Abraham Sofaer (who deserved better than sudden death in his cabin), and particularly Julian Randall as a thug with a silky, attar-of-roses voice and a nervous lau3h like a bubbling hookah. This was excellent hold-your-breath radio. Mr. Livesey, at the centre of things, knew how to suggest the fear of a man who could find no shelter to avoid the storm. Denis Cannan's 'Captain Carvallo' (Home)

Denis Cannan's 'Captain Carvallo' (Home) is set somewhere in the arms-and-the-man world, in the 'kitchen of a farmhouse on disputed territory during the last summer of a long war'. Stormy weather again. The author must be rired of hearing that he owes this-and-that to Shaw, and this-and-the-other to someone else. His play is a neo-Ruritanian outbreak that manages agreeably to encompass romantic comedy, farce, and satire. In its production by Mary Hope Allen and performance by all concerned—honour to Fay Compton as a Balkan farmer's wife—we had never the feeling that we were clamped mercilessly to a studio.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Back to the Hearth

IF THE VICTORIAN PATERFAMILIAS—and we humbler parents of today are sometimes tempted to add a second 's' to his title-stood with his coat-tails to the hearth not only in winter but in summer, his attitude was purely symbolical. Nowadays we are more realistic and it is only as autumn begins to verge on winter that the Critic on the Hearth-and here I refer, of course, to him of the Spoken Word-finds his position wholly satisfactory. This is not entirely a matter of temperature. As the days grow longer and warmer the spoken word languishes proportionately; death or dormancy removes the more ambitious series and with occasional exceptions talks shrink to chats. But for some weeks now the air has begun to hum again and the opening of another series of Reith Lectures last Sunday proclaims that the talking season is in full swing.

I have found Julian Huxley's series ' Process of Evolution', which has now reached its penultimate instalment, unfailingly entertaining, which, as Somerset Maugham reminded us the other day, is the first duty even of a crammer. Such a gargantuan feast of fact and theory might lie heavy on the average stomach, but Mr. Huxley arranges his material so well, spices it with such a variety of arresting and flavoursome detail, and quietly, without any of the tricks of the star broadcaster, contrives to avoid any suspicion of monotony in his delivery, that he easily holds our interest. The same is true of Henri Frankfort's three talks on 'The Dying God' in which he discussed some problems of comparative religion in which astonishing advances have been made since Frazer wrote his Golden Bough. I found his talks enthralling.

Very far from enthralling, on the other hand, was the 'Argument' on the Light Programme between Christopher Mayhew (Labour) and Derek Walker-Smith (Conservative). I cannot see how any purpose of entertainment or instruction is served by broadcasting a squabble of this sort. I had the impression—I may have been wrong—that it was Mr. Walker-Smith who first abandoned the decencies of serious discussion.

Be that as it may, I found this broadcast a humiliating exhibition, and it was a relief to get back to civilisation twenty minutes later with Stephen Spender's 'Personal Anthology', one of the best poetry programmes I ever heard. Mr. Spender chose his poems from a field that stretched from Sir Thomas Wyatt to Graves or Blunden or Roy Campbell (whichever is the youngest) and the choice was altogther delightful, the more so for Denis McCarthy's readings which were as near faultless as we may hope to hear on this side Parnassus. This is, I think, the first time I have heard him and I hope it won't be the last. 'Time for Verse', too, brought some excellent reading by Flora Robson and Robert Harris. Miss Robson fully realised the quality of Nashe's beautiful poem 'In Time of Pestilence' It is a far cry from Mi'ton to Pope, and Mr. Harris, I thought, who gave fine renderings of Milton and others, was not quite dry enough in tone when he came to Pope.

'Pasture and Plough', an account given by B.B.C. reporters, with recordings in rich dialects of the views of agricultural workers, was a plain and honest production innocent of any of the tricks and trappings which sometimes irk the discriminating listener in programmes of this kind. I listened throughout the hour with much interest and total equanimity. Lastly, a highly amusing 'Morning Story', 'The President to the Stranger', by Hilton Brown. It was one of those stories which, unlike little boys, should be heard and not seen: for a full enjoyment of the fun it must be read aloud by a skilled reader. Roger Delgado's reading was a masterpice. The dry, crafty little cackle with which the Señor Presidente punctuated his chatter was superb.

BROADCAST MUSIC

Approximations

This column has on several occasions paid tribute to the ingenuity with which the Third Programme has correlated different aspects of a given subject as seen by various composers and poets. The listener's understanding of Goethe's Faust' may well be enriched by the approximation of the works of Marlowe and Busoni, of Berlioz and Liszt inspired by the same legend. But the practice surely comes near to parodying itself when we are solemnly offered, as an illumination of an anthropologist's discourse on 'The Dying God', performances of Stravinsky's 'Orpheus', 'Persephone' and 'The Rite of Spring'. At this rate we shall be having a discussion of the Persian oil dispute illustrated by the tale of Cupid and Psyche followed by 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

'Orpheus' happened, with more aptness, to be placed in proximity to Mr. Hopkins' talk on melody in contemporary music. For this score is particularly rich in melodies which will appear beautiful or jejune to the listener according to whether he has been able to divest his ear of harmonic prejudices. If he expects Stravinsky's harmony to conform to the conventions of Hymns A. & M. he will find this music tuneless and unintelligible. He will also find it thin in colour as compared, say, with Ravel's 'Daphnis and Chloe', which Maurice Jacobson used to illustrate his contribution to the series last week. As his subject was 'colour', it is perhaps unfair to complain that Mr. Jacobson paid more attention to the rich colouring of Holst and Ravel than to the more restricted palette—almost black-and-white, as he said—of Stravinsky's more recent music. None the less, the colouring in 'Orpheus' is, no less than in 'Petrushka' or Holst's 'Venus', an integral part of the music, which was obviously conceived in terms of the instruments used.

The performance of 'Orpheus' under Clarence Raybould's direction was rather stodgy; it went better on Sunday in the Home Service than on the previous night in the Third. So also did Vaughan Williams's 'Sancta Civitas', which has been neglected for two reasons. It is not easy to sing, and it was given a bad name early in its career. Hearing it again after an interval, I see no reason to retract my own opinion that this was the most important of the composer's choral compositions at the time when it appeared twenty-five years ago. In that it embodies more fully than the 'Sea Symphony' that sense of mystical adventure which has pre-occupied the

composer from the first, and expresses it in a musical language which has become completely individual and is used for the first time in a large choral work with complete assurance. 'Sancta Civitas' deserved the style of 'masterpiece'. The composer has written nothing more beautiful than the lament for Babylon, which it is interesting to contrast with Walton's savage exultation over the city's fall in 'Belshazzar's Feast'

Over the broadcast of 'La Forza del Destino' it is decent to draw a veil. If ever a handle was presented to the detractors of this magnificent romantic opera, it was this poor recording of a

wretched performance, in which the most lamentable feature was the tea-shop sentimentality of the orchestral playing. We can do better justice to Verdi at Glyndebourne and at Covent Garden, where Sir John Barbirolli has made a welcome return to opera, while indefatigably undertaking a series of concerts with the B.B.C. Orchestra. His direction of Sibelius's Seventh Symphony, whose architecture was clearly pre-ented in a most sensitive performance, should still the cackle of detraction which is fashionable now that Sibelius has achieved something like popularity and a stable position in the repertory.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Cupid and Death'

The masque by Matthew Locke and Christopher Gibbons will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, November 14, and 6.0 p.m. on Friday, November 16

CTING, dancing, and singing were regarded almost all over Europe as essential elements of higher education in the seventeenth century and a good deal of research work has already been done on school plays and operas in various countries, though the musical historians have more generally been concerned to trace the history of professional music. It is during that century that the professional musician, as we know him now, begins to emerge as music gradually becomes a fine art in its own right, no longer a mere accessory to church services, court functions, and social entertainments. Even after public concerts open to anyone who paid for admission had been started, music-making was for a long time very much in the hands of amateurs, and in England the amateur musician has for centuries made a serious and important contribution to our musical life. In that connection we think naturally of those who sang (and in some cases composed) our Elizabethan madrigals, and those who played the first chamber music for viols; that amateur tradition did not die out with the disappearance of the madrigal, nor was it to any serious extent affected by the Puritan domination. Many of the organs removed from churches found their way to tayerns, where they could take a useful part in the further development of music, since our taverns were our first concert halls. If people could not sing much in church, they could sing at their private devotions; the most interesting (a red music of that date is the music which was composed for purely domestic enjoyment. The contribution of the Elizabethan theatre to music, interesting though it may be in minute detail, is negligible when we compare it with the development of opera in Italy; music had p'ayed a far more important part in the court masque, which fundamentally was an amateur entertainment. The Civil War put an end to the court masques, but the masque, with its two characteristics of amateur performance and musical elaboration, continued its existence in the schools.

James Shirley, playwright and author of the most extravagant of all the court masques under Charles I, turned schoolmaster after the Civil War; he wrote no more plays for the public theatre, but he continued to write dramatic entertainments for schools which were definitely educational in character, combining elements of the masque and the morality play. We know little of the circumstances of their performance beyond the fact that they were 'personated by young gentlemen', sometimes for the private entertainment of 'some persons of honour'.

His masque 'The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses' is still remembered for the dirge 'The glories of our blood and state', first set to music by Edward Coleman (printed 1653) and at a later date by Hubert Parry.

later date by Hubert Parry.

'Cupid and Death' had two productions, the first in 1653 and the second in 1659. The first was given at the 'Military Ground in Leicester Fields' which stood on the site now covered by Gerrard Street, Soho. The young actors were trained by a Mr. Luke Channell, who was a well-known dancing master. The guest of honour was the Portuguese Ambassador, Conde de Penaguião; he was a young man himself, and had been sent to London- to negotiate a treaty between Cromwell and King John IV of Portugal which was signed in the following year.

How much music there was at this first production is uncertain, for the printed book of the play gives us no information. For the second, in 1659, we have the complete score in the autograph of Matthew Locke which includes a certain amount of music by Christopher Gibbons, a son of the famous Orlando. Gibbons was about fifteen years older than Locke, and we may imagine that if he was not the sole composer of the music, he was at any rate in command of it. One song of his, ' men of earth', was printed in 1653. Gibbons became organist of Westminster Abbey in 1660 and did not die until 1676, but it is evident from the manuscript that Locke must have taken complete charge of the music for the production of 1659, adding a large amount by himself and possibly cutting out some of what Gibbons had written before. Between the two performances the first of all English operas, 'The Siege of Rhodes, had been produced in 1656, followed by two more operas, 'The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru' (1658) and 'The History of Sir Francis Drake' (1659). Locke had contributed to 'The Siege of Rhodes' and had also acted an important part in it. But his operatic experience certainly showed him new possibilities in musical drama, and it is conceivable that he might even have himself sung the part of Mercury in 'Cupid and Death'. In 1674 he composed the music of another English opera, 'Psyche', to a libretto by Shadwell. Locke is generally remembered as a church musician, but he was certainly a notable pioneer in English opera; we might even call him the Eng'i h Monteverdi.

The story of 'Cupid and Death', taken from Aesop, tells how Cupid and Death meet at an inh and without knowing it exchange their arrows, so that Cupid slays the lovers at whom

he shoots, while Death's new arrows rejuvenate the dying and make them fall in love. We are shown first the meeting at the inn, where they are received by the Host and Chamberlain (i.e., waiter); then comes a comic scene (spoken) between the Chamberlain and Despair. After that we see lovers in a garden; Cupid shoots them and they die, while Death causes old people to fall in love and dance. This scene is watched and described in a long sung monologue by Nature, who is bewildered and horrified at what she sees. The next episode is an entry of six gentlemen in armour to fight a battle; Death shoots them, they embrace and dance. Another comic episode follows: the Chamberlain has left the inn and is now a showman exhibiting apes at fairs. He too is shot by Death and promptly falls in love with his apes; a Satyr takes them away and dances with them until Mercury descends from heaven, summons Cupid and Death and makes them restore the arrows to their right owners. Finally he shows Nature a vision of the 'slain loves' in Elysium, where they perform the ceremonial dances that always formed the climax of the court masques.

At the production of 1653 the long monologues of Nature, the Chamber'ain, and Mercury seem (from the typography) to have been spoken; Locke set them all to dec'amatory music of great dramatic force, tragic or comic. Gibbons' music is rather tame in comparison with Locke's, but 'Victorious Men' is a fine song, and the duet 'Open, blest Elysian grove' has a freshness and beauty that recall the madrigalists.

'Cupid and Death' is a masculine counterpart to 'Dido and Aeneas'. The soprano parts, including that of Nature, who is the only female character in the play (apart from ladies who neither speak nor sing), would have been sung by boy trebles. The play offers chances to all sorts of talents; the Chamberlain (of the second version) must have been written for some boy who was exceptiona'ly gifted both as a comedian and a singer, the Host and Despair need only actors. Death dances, but hardly speaks or sings a word, Cupid the same. Mercury needs a really fine singer but little acting ability.

The masque may seem static as compared with the tense drama of 'Dido and Aeneas', but if properly put on the stage it has a wealth of decorative beauty, and a very English mixture of stateliness and broad comedy. Regarded as a whole, it is the poet's idea'i ation of the young English gentleman—a classical sixth form with its peculiar dignity and courtliness, its background of antique learning, and its irrepressible sense of humour.



SILVER

The element silver sometimes occurs as a free metal, but is obtained mainly from the ores of lead, copper, zinc and gold. A lustrous and beautiful metal, silver has been used for ornament and exchange since the earliest days of history. At

Ur of the Chaldees trinkets of silver have been found in royal tombs built more than 5,000 years ago; and the Old Testament relates how Abraham weighed out silver to buy a burial place for his wife Sarah. Silver has been mined in Peru since the time of the Incas but the main sources today are Mexico, the U.S.A. and Canada. Silver is well known in coinage and in such forms as Sterling Silver, and electroplated nickel-silver (E.P.N.S.) but it also has important industrial uses. The best electrical conductor known, it is used extensively to make electrical contacts, and plant for the manufacture of certain chemicals is sometimes lined with silver because of its resistance to corrosion. The important light-sensitive compounds — silver bromide and silver chloride — are the basis of ail photography.

I.C.I. makes the sodium cyanide used in one method of silver extraction. I.C.I. also uses silver gauze and granulated silver as catalysts in the production of formaldehyde — one of the basic raw materials of the plastics industry.





24%

2 ½%

PAID UP SHARE ACCOUNTS SUI

"Invest some in the Provincial"

Invest some money in the Provincial is sound advice for it will show you dividends surely and regularly. It has assets of over £43,000,000 and reserves of over £3,000,000, figures which are always growing. Interest in the 2% and 2½% classes can be drawn every six months or left in to earn compound interest; subscription shares interest is compounded annually. On all investments, income tax is paid by the society. New Provincial Investment Brochure is free on request.

There's no surer source of income than investment in the

PROVINCIAL

BUILDING SOCIETY

Frank Clayton, F.C.I.S. General Manager

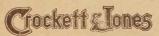
OVER 400 BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY
Head Offices: Equitable House, Market Street, Bradford. Tel. 29331/2/3/4
Provincial House, Albion Street, Leeds. Tel. 29731/2/3

London Office: Astor House, Aldwych, W.C.2. Tel. HOLborn 3681





FINE SHOES FOR MEN by



Northampton

For Ladies' Shoes by CROCKETT & JONES, LTD., Northampton, ask for fwam brand

CV540

"The daily increasing health that these shoes give constitutes their chief claim to consideration and their right to universal use."



• Sir Herbert Barker, the world renowned manipulative surgeon who originally designed these shoes, wrote:

"During the many years that I practised, the damage done by badly fitted shoes was brought home to me by numberless cases of foot deformation, and if I can persuade the whole world to wear

the shoe I designed for perfect foot-comfort, it will be one of the best services I have rendered to humanity."

The Sir Herbert Barker shoe is supplied and fitted by experts who are proud to fit good shoes. If you do not know your nearest distributor please write to us for his address.

Sir Herbert Barker Shoes

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THE NORVIC SHOE CO. LTD . DEPT. 28 . NORTHAMPTON



Long before the path brings you within view of a Cyprus orange orchard, you'll hear the beat of an engine—pumping water from deep in the rock to irrigate the thirsty grove. That engine is the grower's greatest asset; its breakdown, his greatest risk. He places that risk with a British Insurance Company.

British Insurance Companies back World Enterprise

Issued by the British Insurance Association



The three S's....

Shade. You cannot get away from them. So long as individuals are different, so must their requirements vary, and retail shops must rely on the Wholesale Textile Distributors to bring them economically the variety they require from many factories.



is carried out by the members of The Wholesale Textile Association

THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION, 75 CANNON ST., LONDON, E.C.4



(Illustrated) ON WEDNESDAYS AT 6.15 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE

Nov. 14th UGLINESS IN ART by Carol Hogben.

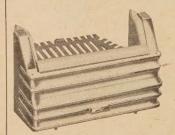
Nov. 21st TWO SOURCES OF ENGLISH FURNITURE by W. A. Thorpe.

Nov. 28th PORTUGUESE ART AND THE ORIENT

Dec. 5th SIENESE SCULPTURE IN THE 15TH CENTURY by John Pope-Hennessy.

Gallery Concerts—Sundays November 18th and December 2nd at 8 p.m. Season's leaflet on application.

The ALIMIN Overnight Fire



the continuous burning fire you can leave with

SAFETY*

stainless bright finish

*the ONLY fire fitted with removable SPARKPROOF wire guard

If your local frommonger cannot show you one WRITE TO:—

Dept. L.1, THE LONDON WARMING CO., LTD., 2 Percy Street, London, W.1

Rent your Radio

& Television

- FALLING RENTALS
- FREE TUBES & VALVES
- FREE SERVICE, etc.



Radio Rentals unique plan

or buy

2 Years' Free ServiceFree Maintenance

COUPON -----FREE 16-page BOOK-----

RADIO RENTALS LTD (OVER 120 BRANCHES, troughout the Country)

231 Regent St., London, W.1, 18 Deansgate, Manchester, 3
Please send FREE Book—Radio from 2.6 per week—Television from 50/- per month, and full details of RENTING or BUYING.

Name....

Address

Recipe for the Housewife

CORNISH PASTY

A FINE DISH, which has arisen out of the ordinary, day-to-day needs of simple, homely people is the Cornish pasty. In essence, it consists of meat and vegetables enclosed in an envelope of paste. First of all, ordinary short paste is made. Having made this paste and rolled it out to a thickness of about an eighth of an inch, it is then cut into rounds, using as a guide an ordinary saucer. Then it is ready for its filling.

The usual filling in Cornwall is meat, onions, and potatoes, but, in fact, anything can be used and in any kind of proportion-it simply depends upon what you happen to have. But there is one very important point, the food which goes in is raw food. The Cornish pasty is not a means of using up 'left-overs', it is essentially a dish in its own right, using fresh, raw ingredients.

First of all, the meat is chopped up into small cubes, and the onions are cut up similarly small, even-smaller, and so are the potatoes. And again, the proportion does not matter; it depends upon what you like and upon what you have available. Having got these fillings chopped up ready, they are put in position in a neat little mound in the centre of the round of paste. Then comes the business of the closure, and that is quite important. Having got the filling in position you moisten round the edge of the disc of paste with water, and then fold it over so that what was a circle becomes a semi-circle. With your finger and thumb you press it all the way round, and so make a firm seal. The characteristic finish in Cornwall is the crimp. To make the crimp you turn one corner of the pasty over. rather like dog-earing the page of a book, and then you make a succession of such turns, a sort of continuing scroll, as it were, until you reach the other side of the pasty.

Now it is ready to go into the oven except for one important detail, that is, to make a little hole for the steam to escape. You see, as these raw foods cook inside the pasty the natural juices of them-and by the way, note that no water is added-turn to steam in the course of cooking, and that steam must escape.

The pasty is put into a fairly fast oven to start with, and when it has had that fast cooking and the paste is reasonably set, the oven is turned down quite low and long, slow cooking continues. Long, slow cooking is what is needed to make tough meat tender, and here again is an important feature of the Cornish pasty-it does not require the most expensive cuts of tender meat. In the slow cooking, as the juices are squeezed out, as it were, from the various ingredients, they will combine together inside this envelope of paste and form that fine, rich gravy which is one of the most attractive features of the Cornish pasty.

PHILIP HARBEN (General Overseas Services)

Some of Our Contributors

LORD RADCLIFFE OF WERNETH, P.C., G.B.E. (page 771): a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary since 1949; Chairman, Punjab and Bengal Boundary Commissions, 1947; Director General, Ministry of Information, 1941-45; Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, 1922-37
PHILIP SPENCER (page 781): Fellow of Clare

College, Cambridge; author of a forthcoming

biography of Flaubert

G. E. R. GEDYE, M.B.E. (page 786): Central European correspondent of The Observer; formerly Central European correspondent of The Times, The Daily Telegraph, The Daily Express and The Daily Herald; author of Fallen Bastions, Heirs to the Habsburgs, A Wayfarer in Austria, etc

M. RICHARDS (page 798): an editor of The Architectural Review and The Architects' Journal; author of The Castles on the Ground, An Introduction to Modern Architecture, A Miniature History of the English

House, etc.

Crossword No. 1.123. Quotagrams. By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s. and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, November 15

Each aster sked clue is a rearrangement (with altered punctuation, of course) of the letters of a quotation—usually a complete; line of verse. The authority and (in all cases of verse) the metre of the original are unchanged. A significant word from each correct quotation is to be entered in the diagram. Two of these words have an "apostrophe" in the quotation but not in the diagram. The remaining clues

are normal.

The 32 unchecked letters of the diagram could be arranged so as to form the following words: ALPHABET MATTER. WHAT ACE CAN COMBAT ME?

CLUES—ACROSS

1.º To let mice too in dark suburban halls (Shakes:

'Romeo & J.') (5).

5.º 'Sall' groans my gyp, an ample man of war (Shakes:
'Rich. II-5) (7).

1	2		3	4	5	6		7			8
9		10				11				12	
	13						14	1			
15			1			16					
	17	18			19		20		2		
22	-			23		24					25
26	-		27		28	29		30		No.	
31				32	4		33		1		
34					0 10	35			36	37	
38					39					7-3	
		40				41	-				
42					100		43	10			

T. ven				
NAME	*************	**************	***********	

- Report any odd thing connected with us (6)
- Report any odd thing connected with us (6). Soon enough (4).
 The tone of an unfinished instrument (6).
 A winding queue leading to high places (5).
 The vale of mighty petrel I deny (Keats) (6).
 Your sundry false-made Isles, safe to the sky (Sir P.

- Four suitity taise-made Isies, sale to the sky (Sir x Sidney) (6).

 I'll be dry without liquid (3).
 Scottish number one? (3).

 Return of old song in fit condition (3).

 University held by Roman and Turkish division (6).

 O envy Bacon the ocean seat (Sh.kes. 'Hamlet') (6)

 Unduly calm, Dad's medal rattled (Shakes: 'Hamlet')
- (6). Thrash the eldest son with part of a stirrup (6). They are a well-known feature of Kiping's scansion

- 32. A thong consists mainly of this obsolete grass (3).
 33. Collect together to curdle milk (3).
 34.* Snake in the lobe of Yorick's ear (E. A. Poe) (6).
 35.* Invading armies by the land (Lovelace) (6).
 38. Hangs awkward'y, then snap! (5).
 39. Filly to confound St. Leger form—without a bob! (6).
 40. Copious user of Indian ink? (4).
 41. The Lieutenant-Colonel's lady? No. the other way round! (6).
 42.* Take Romulus; bear no eternal hate (Shakes: 'As You Like It') (7).
 43.* Lo, spins the pate while women set the crown (Tennyson) (5).

- 1.* Oh never let her join thy mob (Wm. Blake) (7).

 2. It produces or excludes the air (4).

 3.* Temple, not comic home (St. Luke) (6).

 4.* And dab in Lux a dun khaki (S. T. Coleridge) (5).

 5.* You are lost, Mrs.' he said (Conan Doyle) (6).

 6. Confederate General, with only half of the horses, no longer loses (6).

 7.* Anthems may once be needed, more or less (Shelley)

- (6), And any cage a Maori harp (Sir W. Scott) (5), A pulpit without bar, to be precise (3). Take back 100,000; I cut much cotton c'oth here (7). Violet's colouring is nice with any make-up (7). The first thing you notice in an Englishman is impudence! (4).

- dencel (4), on loure in an Englishman is impu20, one lyre? No, no! One lady dear (R. Burns) (3).
 21. Hilary is the limit (4).
 23, Maggot, you never sin (O. Goldsmith) (3).
 25, Fie, fate! Our purple vestryman this year (Shakes:
 'M. for Measure') (7).
 27. See, Herbert here was aimed a doub'e-cross (Fitz-gerald) (6).
 28. Form of speech used in Gaul (6).
 29. Nine palmists' trian daughters athletes can (M:lton)
 (6).

- 30.* Recoiled when Stalin shaped it (Lewis Carroll) (6).
 31.* The tribal fathers, fearing Caesar's trine (Shakes: 'J. Caesar') (5).
 33.* Ho, Pitti-sing, the gien's alee (S. T. Coleridge) (5).
 36. Infernal goddess found in Hades, of course (3).
 37. 'I have no ear', he wrote, No tail either—look up the extract! (4).

Solution of No. 1,121

Prizewinners' H. C. Hepworth (Wythenshawe); Miss Z. Howard (London, S.W.7.); F. J. Pryer (Mot-tingham); H. S. Tribe (Sutton); L. T. Whitaker

G	E	N	T	2	E	's	T	A	2	A	13
"N	A	P	0	L	E	0	N	4	0	N	
U	R	E	R	A	N	T	E	R	千	A	0
3	L		E		්රී	T	E	4	H	飞	W
阳	生	R		Ö	В	1	4	超	29	A	*
31	R	34	S	3	1	S	P	A	T	C	н
批	A	M	M	0	T	H	有	1.	S	H	1
生	3°C	P	Н	0	R	A	A	39	A	1	N
b	E	A	N	6	0	0	8	Y	结	0	W
À	L	S	0	Ŕ	0	4	A	48	8	U	59
SR.	E	T	R	0	D	A	T	E	P	S	A
4	H	Ε	1	С	5	M	0	T	H	Ε	R

NOTES

NOTES

Across: 1. Gentlest (gentle stream: Spenser, 'Prothalamion'). 7. Alas (as musical as: Cowper, 'To Mary Unwin'). 11. Napoleon (dogmaisst) Browning, 'Bishop Blougram's Apology', '14. Ion (For adoration all: C. Smart, 'Song to David'), '15. Ure (endure not: Donne. 'A Valediction .'). '19. Note (fame) Shelley, 'Adonais '21. Thew (play the woman: 'Henry VIII', iii, ii), 23. Herb (wreathes her brows: Collins, 'To Evening'), '26. Obi No robin ever: de la Marc, 'Never More Sailor'), 31. Iris (envoy) 2 'Henry VII', 'iii, ii) 99. Tam (lake) de la Marc, 'The Scribe', '41. Dean (glade and: Shelley, 'The Recollection'), '43. Booby (baby) Gay, 'The Mother, The Nurse and the Fairy', '44. Sow (with fools O what: Vere, 'A Renunciation'), '45. Also (original something: Campbell, 'To A Young Ludy, '), '46. Royal (noble) 'Othello', '15. Theic (where the ice: Byron, 'Youth and Age'), '54. Smother (Nature's mother wit: Dyden, 'Alexander's Peat.'), 'Marchyst.' Smother (Nature's mother wit: Dryden, 'Alexander's Peast'),
Down' I. A(gnu)s: Dei: 2. Earl (but bear-like: 'Macbeth',
v, vii), 3. Tore (gone to rest: Arnold, 'The Scholar Gipsy') 5. E'en (seen and known: Tennyson, 'Ulysses'),
7. Airt (air, that Collins, 'The Passions'), 8. Loth (not be loth to: Milton, 'Paradise Lost', bk. xii), 9. Ana (Canary wine: Keats, 'On the M:rmaid Tavern'), 10. Stow (rivers to whose fails: Marlowe, 'The Passionate Shepherd'), 18. Chimed (Archimedes: Milton, 'Pacyiack Skinner'), 22. Each (all) Brooke, 'Not with Vain Tears', 28. Laity (elity)
Donne, 'A Valediction', 29. M(asti)e, 30. Chin (of china that's: A. Lang, 'Balade of Bus China'), 37. Cele (res.).
38. (Byroods, 40. Rouse (Nor Ouse on: Cowper, 'The Poplar Field'), 46. Roc (hester), 47. Yam (many a mused rhyme: Keats, 'Ode to a Nightingale'), 48. Let (seen)
Longfellow, 'Mazzo Cammin', 50. Tar (their star is: Browning, 'My Star').

Study at Home for a DEGREE

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without going "into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three (in some cases, two) exams. You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall Courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to acquire Degrees and thereby raise their status acquire Degrees and thereby raise their and their salaries. Write for PROSPECTUS from C. D. PARKER, M.A., LL.D., Dept. FE85,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Make Writing Your Hobby NOW

Hundreds of journals need articles and short stories from outside contributors. If you have aptitude you can qualify to earn money by your pen in spare time.

Post this advertisement to The Regent

Institute (Dept. LJ/20). Palace Gate, London, W.8—enclosing a 2½d. stamp—for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and "How to Succeed as a Writer" (an informative prospectus).

-Don't Condemn Your Story Untried-

Day by day, would be authors throw away good work, time and money, simply through lack of knowledge of technique, style and the literary market. Next time you feel like destroying your "brain-child"—DON'T. Instead, send it with a note including your address and some personal details to the London School of Journalism. We will give you a carefully considered opinion of it and your prospects free and without obligation. vithout obligation.

without obligation. The London School of Journalism has had 30 years of unbroken leadership throughout the world in training writers by post. It is the quality of the personal instruction that makes the difference between success and failure, the quality that caused TRUTH to say: "The L.S.J. claims less and achieves more."

London School of Journalism Correspondence Courses comprise: Journalism, Article Writing, Short Stories, Poetry and Radio Plays. There are also courses in Literature written by L. A. G. Strong and History by J. Hampden Jackson. Send today for our free book "Writing for the Press." Fees are low and there is no time limit.

Chief Secretary, LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM 57 GORDON SQUARE, W.C.1 MUSeum 4574

"Whenever you think of writing, think of the L.S.J."

FLEXIMOULD for casting religious figures, wall plaques, ash trays, garden

ornaments, candlesticks, book-ends, vases, coats-

of-arms, articles for window display, cake

decorations, cameos, and animals, etc. No experience is required.

Make a profitable business

with this pastime. Write today for free details of

"FLEXIMOULD" to

DOHM LTD. (Dept. B)

167, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

Convert that old Gramophone

DR OBSOLETE RADIOGRAM

MODERN ALL-WAVE

RADIO GRAM

OR POWERFUL RECORD PLAYER

POST FREE

Our *SKYWAY DESIGNS* Scok gives full desults on how to build FOUR first-class Amplifiers and Radiogram chast-the radio experience is required to understand the clear circuit diagrams and stage by stage wiring plans.

All parts and materials are easily obtainable, mostly without purchase tax. Performance equal to radiograms costing over £100.





London University DEGREES-open to all

The Degrees of the University of London are open The Degrees of the University of London are open to all without residence or attendance at lectures, U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students by post for the required examinations, i.e. Entrance, Intermediate and Final, in Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Laws, Divinity, etc. The College is an Educational Trust, and has a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees; instalments.

Over 21,000 U.C.C. students PASSED London University examinations, 1930-50.

* PROSPECTUS may be obtained from Registrar,

University Correspondence College

56 Burlington House, Cambridge

FRANCE IS WONDERFUL IN WINTER

Revel in sport, sunshine and good living at French winter resorts so easily and economically reached by rail. BOOK REDUCED TOURIST OR ROAD-RAIL TICKETS on fast, comfortable trains. Couchette sleeping accommodation (1st & 2nd class). Through registration of baggage, skis, etc., from London (Victoria).

Information, tickets and reservations from Travel Agents or

FRENCH RAILWAYS LTD., 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

HAVE YOU FRIENDS OVERSEAS?

As a gift to your friends overseas, an annual subscription to "COMING EVENT"—the delightful "Come to Britain" magazine, full of magnificent pictures — will remind them of you and of Britain every month of the year. Each subscription costs only 10/-. Simply send names and addresses and remittance to the British Travel and Holidays Association—

"COMING EVENTS"

Subscription Department, (Room 106)

64 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1. Specimen copy on request—one shilling.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS WORK OF REFERENCE

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

Subscribe now for the Second London Printing

Over 4,000 authorities of international repute contribute to its thousands of beautifully printed and lavishly illustrated pages. Parents particularly will appreciate the tremendous value of such a complete authoritative work of reference and the advantages it can bring to their children.

You can own the SECOND LONDON PRINTING by means of one of the simple monthly subscription methods. Send today for full details of the Britannica Ten Year Programme—the investment that pays continuous dividends.

--- Fill in and post today

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA LTD. L11 Britannica House, Dean Street, London, W.1

Please let me have complete details of the latest Encyclopædia Britannica, including particulars of the Supplementary Services and the subscription methods of payment.

Name....

Address

If you paint FLOWERS ...



WHY NOT EMPLOY YOUR SKILL

at home, designing Machine-Printed Fabrics for Cre-tonnes, Dress tonnes, Dress Goods, etc. This fascinating work

can be remunerative as a hobby or a career. We offer you our unique Postal Tuition and Sales Service, for which we have sold hundreds of pounds worth of Students' Designs.

Write for free Booklet (21d. stamp) to:-352a, Station Road, Harrow, Middlesex



Can you sketch?

DON'T copy this, copying leads nowhere. Try your hand at an original subject. Then send it to me for a free, helpful criticism. You may well have latent talent which, with enthusiasm and P.A.S. Tuition, could prove a profitable "second string to your bow". "Punch" alone has bought over 4.000 pupils' sketches. One pupil writes:—
"Your first six lessons brought me in nearly £30". It's grand fun learning to draw by P.A.S. Postal Courses. Write for free illustrated Prospectus—almost a Drawing Lesson in itself.—Percy V. Bradshaw.

THE PRESS ART SCHOOL LTD., (Dept. T.L.29)
Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.23.



PIANOS CHAPPELL PIANO COMP

50 New Bond Street, London, W.1

Printed in England by Waterlow and Sons Ltd., Twyford Abbey Road, Park Royal, N.W.10, and published by the British Broadcasting Corporation at 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.—All-editorial communications to the Editor, The LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. November 8, 1951